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HOO-RAH + HOO-ROO,

DEPALA - DEPALOO,

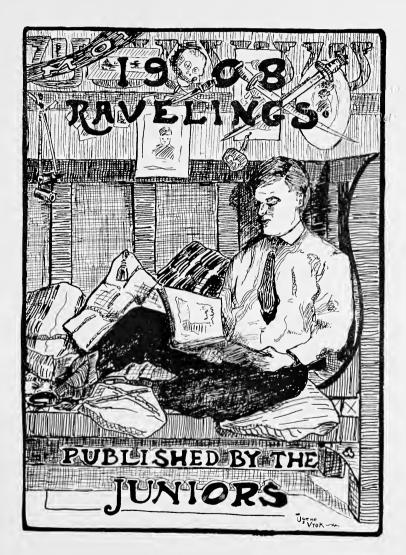
RA - SI - KI - YI-,

HO F COLD WET OR DRY,

GET-THERE-ELI;

MONMOUTH!





то

T. MERRILL AUSTIN,

DIRECTOR OF THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

OF MONMOUTH COLLEGE,

IN GRATEFUL APPRECIATION OF EFFICIENT

AND EFFECTUAL SERVICE,

THE CLASS OF

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT,

DEDICATES THIS VOLUME.





Greeting:

To All

Who Honor Monmouth College The Lunior Class presents this Illuminated Panorama of Life during another year at Our Alma Mater.

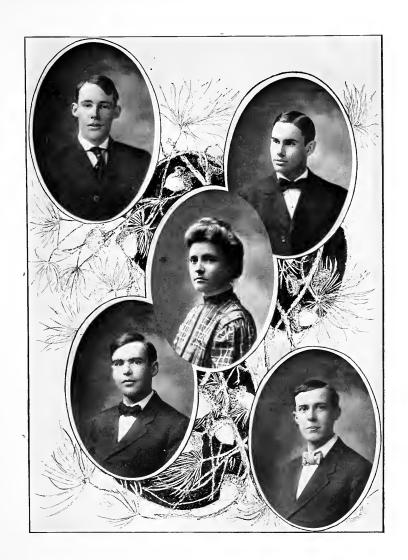
The 1908 Ravelings Board.

Editors-in-Chief-

EARL H. WELLS, LAURA A. WATT.

Business Managers:-

KENNETH P. GORDON, LESLIE SHERRICK, J. ROBERT BRYSON.





FLORABEL PATTERSON.

LAW PROFESSOR OF HISTORY

328 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET

A. M. Penn College 1896: Student in History Michigan University. 1891-92.

THOMAS BEVERIDGE GLASS,

PROFESSOR OF GREEK.

715 EAST ARCHER AVENUE.

A. B. Monmouth College, 1892; Graduate Student University of Chicago, 1895-97 and 1898-00; Fellow in Greek 1899-00

GEORGE HERBERT BRETNALL.

PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY

120 NORTH FIFTH STREET.

A. B. Cornell College (Iowa), 1896; A. M. ibid, 1897: Graduate Student University of Chicago, 1901-02.

JOHN JACOB THIEL.

PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

414 EAST DETROIT AVENUE.

A. B. Grinnell College, 1900; Graduate Student Chicago University 1900-01; special course in Germany,

GERTRUDE D. HENDERSON.

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION AND LADIES' PHYSICAL DIRECTOR,

801 EAST FIRST AVENUE.

Columbia College of Expression, 1902; Graduate Student Chicago School of Physical Expression.

ISABELLE RANKIN IRWIN.

INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH.

322 NORTH A STREET.

A. B. Monmouth College, 1903; Graduate Student Leland Stanford Jr., University, 1903-04: Graduate University of California, 1904.

ALICE JEANETTE TINKER.

INSTRUCTOR IN MATHEMATICS AND HISTORY.

120 WEST EUCLID AVENUE.

A. B. Monmouth College, 1905.

ALBERT F. STEWART.

INSTRUCTOR IN LATIN.

1043 EAST BROADWAY.

A. B. Indiana University, 1891; ibid, 1901.

NANCY IRWIN,

ASSISTANT INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH

322 NORTH A STREET.

A. B. Monmouth College, 1905.

JOHN S. BATES,

INSTRUCTOR IN GENERAL ENGINEERING.

B. S. Engineering Department University of Illinois, 1902.

ANDREW GRAHAM REID,

ATHLETIC DIRECTOR

107 NORTH NINTH STREET.

Ph. B. Simpson College; LL. B. University of Michigan.





MILLIE ELIZABETH BIGGER, Xenia, Ohio.

English.

Xenia High School—Entered College 1903. A. B. L. President Class Winter Term 1906. Zeta Epsilon, Chi , A. B. L. Diploma President.



WALLACE J. BLACK, Washburn, III,

Greek,

Washburn High School—Entered college 1902 Capt. Basket Ball '07. Monmouth Coe Debate Team '05, '07, Philo Orator '04, Philo Debater '06.



007



ETHEL GRACE COLLINS, Monmouth, III.
History.
Cedarville College—Entered College 1905, A. B. L., Y. W. C. A.,
Cabinet 1906, Kappa Alpha Sigma.



CARL EARL CROSON,
York, Neb.
Greek.

Aledo High School—Entered Col· lege '03, Monmouth- Coe Debate Team '06, President Oratorial Association '07, Eccritean Debater '07, President Eccritean Spring Term '07.

JAMES C. CLARK, Mommouth, III. Physical Science. Monmouth High School—Entered college '03. Eccritean.



ETHEL AGNES DOWNING,
Albia, lowa.
Latin.
Tarkio College—Entered Monmouth College '03, A. B. L.



007



HOMER M. CAMPBELL, Monmouth, III. Greek, Park College Academy—Entered college '03, Editor '07 Oracle, President Eccritean Spring Term '07.



GRACE ELIZABETH DUFF,
Winterset, Iowa,
English,
Winterset High School—Entered
college 1902. A. B. L. Phi. Delta
Sigma.

WALTER GETTY, Philadelphia, Penn. Greek.

Central H. S Philadelphia—Entered college '04, Monmouth-Coe Debate Team '07, Business Manager '07 Oracle, Eccritean.



LAURA BELLE HAMILTON,
Monmouth, III.

Creek.

Amity Academy—Entered college 1903, President Aletheorian Spring 1907.



007



FRANK E. HILL, Newton, Iowa. GREEK.

Newton High School — Entered college '03, Manager Track Team '05, Manager '07 Oracle. President Philo Fall 1906, Philadelphian Ora-



THOMAS H. HAMILTON,
Monmouth, III.
Greek.

Amity Academy—Entered college 1904, Philo-Eccritean Lecture Course Committee, First prize Wade Biographical Contest '06, Philadelphian Essayist.

IENNIE WARD KINSMAN. Winterset, Iowa. Latin

Winterset High School-Entered college '03, A. B. L. Phi Delta Sigma, Basket Ball '06, '07, A. B. L. President Fall 1906, President Class Fall '06, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '06, Oracle Board.



EMMA JANE LYTLE, Hanover, Ind. Mathematics.

Monmouth College Prep. Department-Entered college 1903, A B. L, Phi Delta Sigma, Basket Ball '04, A. B. L. President Winter '07, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet





ROSS MOORE, Springfield, Mo. Hoopstown High School-Entered

college '03, Manager Senior Class Play, Eccritean.



JOHN L. McGEOCH, Cambridge, N. Y. History. Cambridge High School-Entered college '03, Class Orator, Eccritean.

EUGENE W. NIXON.

Marissa, III.

Latin.

Marissa High School — Entered college '03, President Student Body '07, Captain Track Team '07, Captain Indoor Track Team '05, Eccri-

INEZ EVELYN McLEAN, Rock Valley, Iowa Latin.

Amity College — Entered Monmouth 1904, A. B. L., A. B. L., President Fall '06, Junior-Senior Banque_t President '05



007



ARCH OWEN, Monmouth, III. History.

Waterman High School—Entered College '03, President Class Winter Term '07, Philo-Eccritean Lecture Course Committee '05, '06, '07, Assistant Business Manager'07 Ravelings, '07 Oracle Board, President Philo Winter Term '07, Philo Debater



ANNIS BERTHA MARSHALL, Blockton, Iowa. English. Blockton High School — Entered college '01, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 06, A. B. L. '

JOHN M. MILLAN,
Biggsville, Ill.
English.
Occidental College Entered Mon-

Occidental College Entered Monmouth '04, Track Manager '07, Y. M. C. A. President '06, Eccritean Essayist 1907.



MARGARET ETHYL McCOY, Indianola, Iowa.

English.

Simpson College — Entered Monmouth College '05, Aletheorian, President Aletheorian Winter '07.



007



JAMES M. McCOY,
Monmouth, III.
History.
Monmouth College Prep. Departnt Entered college '03, Assistant

Monmouth College Prep. Department Entered college '03, Assistant Business Manager '07 Ravelings, Baseball Manager '07, Eccritean.



WALTER W. McMILLAN, Biggsville, III.

Mathematics.

Biggsville High School—Entered Mommouth College '02, Manager Basket Ball '02, Captain Basket Ball Team '05, Captain Base Ball Team '04, '05, '07, Captain Foot Ball Team '06, Eccritean.

JAMES H. PICKEN.
Monmouth, III.
Mathematics
St. Charles High School—Entered
Monmouth College '04, MonmouthCoe Debate Team '07, President
Philo Writter Ferm '07.



SHELLAR PEACOCK

Monmouth, III.
Physical Science.

Monmouth High School—Entered Monmouth College '03, Editor '07 Ravelings, Manager Football '05, '06, Vice-President Intercollegiate Oratorical Association, College Orator '06, Eccritean Diploma President '06, Eccritean Orator.



007



MARY LOUISE REID,
Monmouth, III.
History.
Monmouth High School—Entered
Monmouth College '03, A. B. L.,
Class President Spring Term '07, Y.
W. C. A. Cabinet '06. Zeta Epsilon
Chi. May Queen '07.



ΓΗΟΜΑЅ CLARENCE SMITH, Sparta, III. Greek.

Sparta High School Entered Monmouth College '03. Philo-Eccritean Lecture Course Committee, '07 Oracle Staff, President Eccritean Fall '06.

ZENAS H. SPICER, Monmouth, III. Physical Science. Monmouth High School—Entered college '03, Eccritean.



MARY ETHEL SENSEMAN, Chicago, III. History.

Hyde Park High School—Entered Monmouth College '03, A. B. L., Zeta Epsilon Chi, President A. B. L Fall 1906, Class President Spring '06, Editor '07 Ravelings, '07 Oracle Staff, Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '06.



007



WALLACE J. TURNBULL. Philadelphia, Penn. Physical Science. Central High School Philadelphia —Entered Monmouth College 1904, Eccritean Peanut Banquet President '06.



IDA MAY WALLACE,
Monmouth, III.
Mathematics.
Monmouth High School—Entered college 1903.

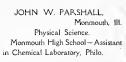




Princeton High School—Entered Mommouth College 1903, A. B. L., Phi Delta Sigma, Y. W. C. A., Cabinet 1904, President Y. W. C. A. 1905, President A. B. L. Spring 1907. 007

MARGARET EDITH WEED,
Monmouth, III.
Greek.

Moline High School — Entered Monmouth College '00, Alrtheorian, President Aletheorian Fall '06.





WILLIAM H. TURNBULL,

Monmouth, Ill. Physical Science.

Monmouth College Prep. Department—Entered college '03 Manager Basket Ball' '07, Secretary and Treasurer Philo Eccritean Lecture Course Committee, President Class Winter Term '05, Manager '07 Ravelings, President Eccritean Winter Term '07.

Senior History.



HE CLASS of '07 has reached her goal. She has run a good race and finished strong. The struggles and trials of the College courge have thinned her ranks, but they have made strong men and women of the survivors.

The class of nineteen hundred and seven has always been remarkable. As Freshmen we were named by one in very high authority "the best Freshmen class that ever entered Monmouth College." In order to vindicate the judgment, integrity

and foresight of this declaration, we proceed to demonstrate the fact to the public at large and especially to a certain class who seemed to doubt the entire truth of the statement; and in the light of present day civilization our dealings with '06 seems indeed rather harsh. But class and college spirit were strong in those days and we feel justified. In that year also we won the Palmer-Livingston cup which has since been conceded to us without a struggle.

In our Sophomore year we were the terror of the institution. Just here we would like to pass over the color rush of that year but pride prevents it. We were outnumbered, overwhelmed and gloriously defeated; but we were not conquered as the Freshmen and Monmouth police force realized about the 21st of February.

In our Junior year we got down to good hard studying as Juniors always do. But we did other things besides. We published our justly famous annual, furnished nine men of the champion football team. Our debators and orators made themselves famous, while we also looked after the management of most of the athletic teams of the college, Our greatest enjoyment during this year was in our social affairs, picnics, banquets, socials, etc., which gave us occasional and delightful recesses from work

During the past year we have ever endeavored to conduct ourselves in that stately and dignified manner, befitting the noble senior. This difficult task was not made easier by the conduct and actions of certain classes in our beloved college, and at times we have been sorely tempted to return to "mediaevil remedies," but whatever we did, all was done with proper dignity. During this year also we have been very busy, but found time to engage in athletics, literary contests and social affairs of which perhaps the most enjoyable was our banquet on the the 22nd of February in the Gymnasium.

Now our college days are over and we are face to face with the cold, cold world. But we feel that we are not without weapons for the fight. We have done our best for Monmouth College and she has done as well by us, and if we are not prepared for the struggle it is not her fault. We are glad we came to Monmouth College and we are proud of our college and hope that she is proud of us. Monmouth has made rapid progress in the past few years and has risen to a high rank among the freshwater colleges, and in this progress the class of '07 claims her part,

Our class was one of the largest that ever entered the college, her athletes have never been surpassed and her literary men are marvels of ability. What factors these have been in the progress of Monmouth College is evident to all.

But now the last chapter of our college history has been written and we must leave you. We resign

the guardianship of Monmouth College to other hands and our best wishes are that they may never stop her progress; that class and college spirit may never die in the future and in their death struggle mourn for those good old days when "there were giants in the land."



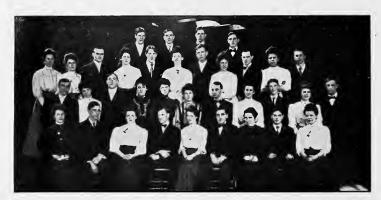
In Memoriam.

Grace Elizabeth Duff,

Born March 23, 1883.

Died May 23, 1907.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death
She is not dead,———the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.



"SENIOR DAY" IN THE GYM, FEB. 22, '07.



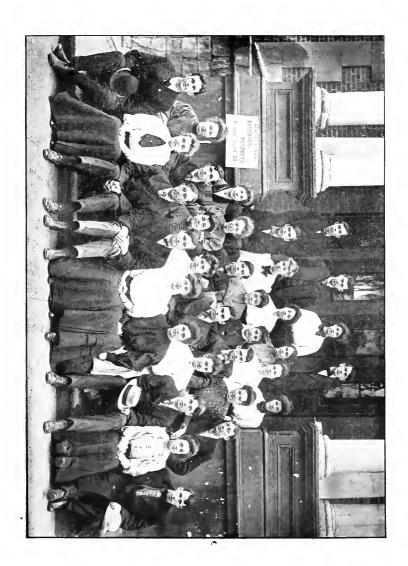


Junior Roll.

Laurence Allen Katherine Anderson Mabel Burns Margaret Burnside Maude Blair Cloyce Beard Faun Calvin Mabel Cowden George Cunningham Florence Brady Robert Bryson Earl Elder Lawrence Fulton Kenneth Gordon Maude Hood John Hamilton Will Hoyman Merle Jewell Bertha Johnson Ruth Johnson Adah Krieg Stella Kyle Ralph Kyle Edith Littell

Eleanor Austin

Lella Logan Roy Linn Charles McCracken Grace Miller Pierre Norwood Mathew Neil Alfred Phillips Hugh Rhodes John Robinson Maria Spicer Edith Shields Ray Smith Leslie Sherrick Joe Pickens Carrie Coldthurst Margaret Lord Francis Speakman Margaret Downie Belle Livermore Laura Watt Pearl Walker Earle Wells Robert White Agnes Young







Sophomore History.

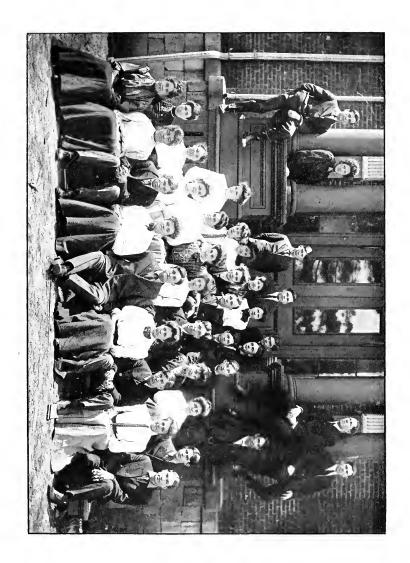


ELL YOU more of the Class of '09? You were proud of us last year? It was right you should be for you had just cause. You will feel prouder than ever after I have told you what has been accomplished this year. What have we done? Everything and more than any other Sophomore class has done, for in reading over old Ravelings of Monmouth College I discovered no such record as we have made. Last fall we were told that our Sophomore year would be dull, but we have made it

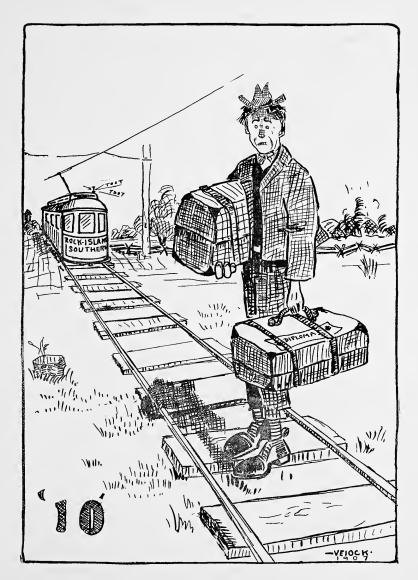
otherwise. In the first place the class started out right by showing the Freshmen how to scrap. How was it done? Ask them—O, yes ask them how much "Sophomore Gravy" was made. Our time from this on up to the twenty-second was taken up with numerous socials held here and there, and enjoyed by all who attended them. It might be well just to mention "The Hard Times Party." Passing over the minor events we come to the main event of the year. Did you ever hear of a class completely breaking up a Freshmen banquet? You didn't? Well ours did. Not by physical strength, for not a bit of that was displayed at the victory, but strategy. It would not be necessary to give you a detailed account but it is sufficient to say that on the evening of February 22, 1907, the Sophomores were banqueted by the Freshmen at the Colonial.

While we have been kept busy with social affairs our school and literary work has not been neglected. We have been equal to all occasions. One of our fair members won first in the Bible Rendition Contest. More? Yes, certainly. You have heard of the Monmouth-Knox Sophomore Debate. Such a thing had never been planned before and yet when we suggested it, you surely saw the need, and the benefit derived from it. The decision was no surprise to us, for with the team that represented Monmouth we all felt confident who would be the winner.

This is all for this time, next year you will hear from us again.







Freshman History.



ONMOUTH COLLEGE need not be ashamed of her Freshmen, for unlike the majority of other Freshmen classes we were not green, and from the first were given the proper attention due to the coming class. We were dined and feted by the Faculty, Students and Societies.

In the color rush our boys although outnumbered put up a fight which for genuine pluck and nerve has never been excelled by any class in the history of Mon-We were defeated but not conquered.

We have given socials, skating parties and picnics and every one was a dazzling success and were not even molested by the envious Sophs.

The Freshman-Sophomore banquet on February 22 was a success, and, although severely censored by the Upper classes, still we think that it was the proper thing to do in face of the facts that confronted us. To say that the banquet was a success is putting it very mildly, but suffice it to say that it was the most brilliant banquet of its kind ever given, also we were delighted with the witiest toast program on record

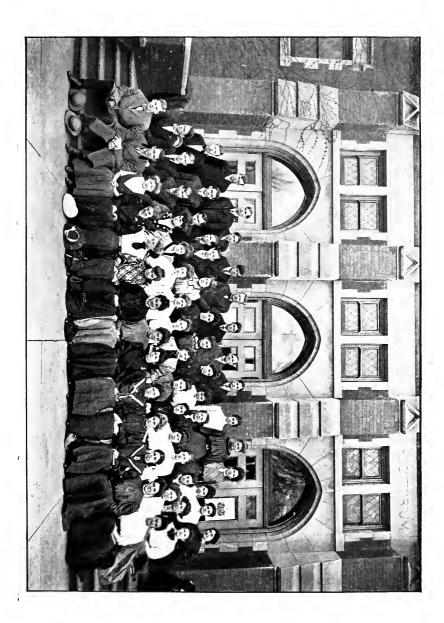
We especially point with pride to our girls. They are not only among the most popular in college but are also the "toast of the town."

Our class is well represented in all branches of Athletics. Two Freshmen being on our champion football team and this spring will see us among the other teams of the college.

Such is the history of the class of 1910 with but two more months to be Freshmen, but in the coming years we will point to our present history with pride and say "that's how we got our start"

1910 is included among the seven wonders of the world.

Eiffel Tower, Ferris Wheel, Cycle Boat, Automobile, Chute the Chutes, Loop the Loop, 1910 Rickety Roop.





Preps.



E ARE truly thankful to the Juniors of this year for a chance to tell of the progress this department has made. We would like to confide in you and tell you some of our achievements and dreams of the future.

Of course we are yet very young and innocent in many ways, but we are learning very rapidly. You may not know this because we do not have a chance to air our knowledge except in the class room. We always take note of the latest

stunts of the Upper classmen and when we reach that longed for position you may be assured that we will strictly observe the ancient customs and traditions. You may be certain that we will "remove not the ancient landmarks."

We want the true Monmouth spirit. To be sure we take part in college affairs as much as we can. We are well represented in athletics, having men on the base ball, basket ball and track teams. From among us the college gets some of her best men not only in athletics but also in literary work.

Monmouth College Conservatory

OF MUSIC.



HAT MUSIC has long filled a place in the course of Monmouth College is shown by the fact that just two years after the founding of the college a teacher of piano forte. Edwin T. Bark, was secured — The following two years this place—was held by Mrs. E. J. Wallace—The next year vocal instruction, as well as piano,—was offered, Mrs. E. G. Charleton—being

the instructor in piano forte.

From this time on frequent changes were made until 1869 when Professor S H. Price took charge remaining until 1888, the year of his death He was much loved and respected by all and under his direction many fine musicians were made. In 1887 Dr. Herbert took charge of the vocal department.

Until this time the music department had not been directly under the auspices of the college, those de, siring music were simply sent by the college authorities to these various teachers, but in 1888, owing to an increase in the demand for musical instruction, a musical department was recognized officially by the college and Prof. Zariman secured as director. The department flourished under his management.

At his resignation in 1896 Dr. Herbert was chosen as director with Mrs. W. H. Sexton and Mrs. Carrie (Sipher) Meeker as his assistants. Upon the resignation of Mrs. Meeker, Mrs. Carrie (Higganson) Schramm was selected to succeed her. She resigned in 1898 and the work was very successfully carried on by Prof. Herbert and Mrs. Sexton until 1901 when both resigned.

At this time the Musical I epartment became The Monmouth College Conservatory of Music and Professor T. Mervill Austin of Brocklyn was secured as director. Professor Austin is a graduate of New England Conservatory of Music and has studied under Fred. Sieber and Heinrich Erlich of Berlin and William Shakers pear and Alberto Raindegger of London. Muss Katherine Hanna, a graduate of Knox Conservatory was chosen as his assistant. The next year Prof. Louis Versel became the teacher in advanced piano leaving Prof. Austin to devote his entire time to vocal lessons. Mrs. Alice Hobart also joined the Conservatory and instructed in violin.

In 1903 Prof. Versel was succeeded by Prof. Wengard as teacher of advanced piano. Two teachers in advanced piano were necessary in 1905 and Miss Emily Thomas, who is a graduate of New England Conservatory and has studied with Leopold Godowsky in Berlin, and Prof. Keeler, also a graduate of New England Conservatory were secured as teachers. This year Prof. Keeler has been succeeded by Prof. Leighton. a graduate of Cincinnati Conservatory.



Conservatory Faculty.

T. MERRILL AUSTIN.

DIRECTOR MUSIC CONSERVATORY

1101 EAST BROADWAY.

A, B. Theil College 1882: A. M. ibid 1888, graduate New England Conservatory of Music 1887; finishing courses under Ferd, Sieber and Heinrich Erlich, Berlin, Germany. 1890-91; also William Shakespear and Alberto Randegger, London, England, 1900.

KATHERINE HANNA,

TEACHER OF PIANO

WEST BROADWAY.

Graduate of Knox Conservatory 1901; Post Graduate work with Wm. Sherwood, Chicago 1902; B. F. Lang Boston 1903; Rudolph Ganz, Chicago, 1905.

MRS. ALICE HOBART,

TEACHER OF VIOLIN AND PIANO.

114 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

Oberlin Conservatory Student; Violin under Professors J. A. Muth and F. G. Doolittle; Piano with Letitia

Wattess.

EMILY THOMAS.

TEACHER OF ADVANCED PIANO AND VO!CE

733 EAST BROADWAY.

Graduate New England Conservatory of Music, 1890; Post Graduate course there with Carl Baerman 1900
Studied with Leopold Godowsky, Berlin Germany, 1903-04; Voice in New England Conservatory
with W. L. Whitney.

WYLIE STEWART.

ASSISTANT IN VOICE

909 EAST BROADWAY.

Craduate from Monmouth College Conservatory 1905; finishing course under William Shakespear, London.
England, 1906.

GEORGE A. LEIGHTON,

TEACHER OF ADVANCED PIANO, HARMONY, CONTERPOINT

228 NORTH SEVENTH STREET.

Graduate Cincinnati Conservatory of Music 1905; Post graduate course there with Frederic Evans 1906.



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Conservatory Seniors.

MR. ROYAL HUGHES.

Mr. Royal Hughes during the past winter has obtained a reputation as a soloist with the Glee Club, and as a member of the Male Quartet. He has a barytone voice of great power and sweetness, and together with a fine stage presence, promises well for his future musical career.

MISS GRACE BROWNELL.

Miss Grace Brownell is another student who will undoubtedly bring credit to Monmouth College. The delightful program which she gave at her recital proves her ability as a pianist. The most noticable characteristic of her playing is its grace and delicacy of touch.

MISS LAURA BROWN.

Miss Laura Brown, although but a short time in Monmouth, has won a much deserved place in musical circles. Her voice is a high lyric soprano, very sweet and clear. Monmouth may well be proud to have her go to her eastern home as a representative of the work done here.

MISS RACHAEL WEIR.

Miss Weir with her brilliant technique and fine memorizing faculty will do much to spread the reputation of the Conservatory as capable of producing a polished and able musician.

MRS. LULU McCOY,

Mrs. McCoy is a well known singer of Monmouth. She was a member of the Wagner Quartet and in many other ways has appeared before the public of Monmouth. She has a deep, rich alto voice, very sympathetic and this with a winning personality makes her a charming singer.

MISS MAUDE KROLLMAN.

Miss Krollman, from childhood up, has charmed Monmouth with her singing. She has a brilliant, lyric soprano voice and a fine stage presence, and undoubtedly has a great future before her as a singer.



Conservatory Seniors.

MISS WINNIFRED WHERRY.

Although up to this time Miss Wherry has come before the public more as an organist than pianist, her abilities along the latter have by no means been overlooked. She plays with much expression and especially is her rendering of Beethoven worthy of praise.

MR. LAWRENCE ALLEN.

Mr. Allen has long had a reputation as a pianist of merit in Monmouth. There is a dignity about his playing which together with fine technique and good interpretation make a very pleasing combination.

MISS FLORENCE SCOTT.

Miss Scott is a singer whose merits are well known in Monmouth. Her voice is an alto, rich and full. She has much vivacity of expression and is always gladly welcomed by those whose good fortune it may be to hear her.

MR. ALBERT LANPHERE.

To the neighboring town of Kirkwood we are indebted for a promising graduate. Alfred Lanphere is also well known in Monmouth as an organist, having filled that position during the past year in the Baptist church. His piano playing is a delight to those who enjoy clearness, precision of touch and variety of expression

MISS MAUDE ALLISON.

Miss Allison is graduating in the teacher's course. She has made a specialty of this side of music and has an excellent knowledge of those principles necessary for voice culture. She has already proven her abilities as a teacher.



Glee Club.

FIFST TENOR

WYLIE STEWART

J. GEO. CUNNINGHAM

HAROLD WATT

SAMUEL HAMILTON.

SECOND TENOR.

CHESTER SMITH

THOMAS HAMILTON

ROSS MOORE

ARCH McCLEARY.

FIRST BASS.

RQYAL HUGHES

ALFRED PHILLIPS

JOHN McALLISTER

JAMES QUAY

KARL MEGCHELSON

SECGND BASS.

J. C. McCOY

HOMER CAMPBELL

JOHN MILLEN

CLARENCE BASSAREAR.

WYLIE STEWART, Leader
J. GEO. CUNNINGHAM, Manager
SHONTZ CAMPBELL, Song Specialist

LAWRENCE ALLEN, Pianist.







D. SHONTZ CAMPBELL, song specialist.



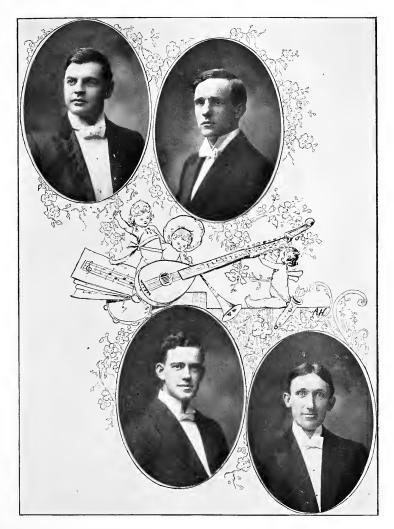
Monmouth Male Quartet.

WYLIE STEWART, First Tenor.

CHESTER SMITH, Second Tenor

ROYAL HUGHES, First Bass.

J CLYDE McCOY, Second Bass



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Monmouth College Ladies Quartet.





MAUDE BURR, First Soprano

RUTH TUBBS, Second Soprano.

FRANCIS SPEAKMAN, First Alto.

MARY COLEMAN, Second Alto.



The Fifth Annual May Festival,

Monmouth College Choral Society.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, '07, 8:15 P. M. Popular Concert,

Mr. Edward Strong, Tenor
Mr. Edward Foerstel, Violinist
Miss Emily Thomas, Accompanist
Mr. Geo. A. Leighton, Accompanist

THURSDAY, MAY 16, '07, 2:15 P. M Orchestral Concert.

Alex Von Fielitz, Conductor

Mrs. Marie Kunkle-Zimmerman. Soprano

Mr. Frederick Martin, Bass

Mr. Franz Wagner, Cello.

THURSDAY, MAY 16, '07, 8:15 P. M.

The Monmouth College Choral Society,
Assisted by
Chicago Symphony Orchestra,
Presents Sullivan's
GOLDEN LEGEND.

SOLOISTS.

Mrs. Marie Kunkle-Zimmerman, Soprano Miss Elaine De Sellem, Alto Mr. E. C. Towne, Tenor Mr Fredrick Martin Bass,





The Bridenthal Club.

Cateress, MRS. BRIDENTHAL.



OTHING is too good to say about the Bridenthal Club, and especially our "Little Mother," Mrs. Bridenthal. Renowned as this club has been in the past for famous personages, good things to eat, and a general good time—it has kept up its excellent record during the past year. For those who have attained fame in their several lines, we have

"Pets," captain of the football and baseball teams, and general all-round athlete: Nixon, captain of the track team and star of first magnitude in the realm of athletic sport; Norwood, "Athletic Twin to Pete"; Wells, manager of the football team and editor of the Annual; Mr Quigg, champion eater of "French-fried"; Tilton, the great ladies' man of the college. But space forbids us to tell the many others who have attained like renown.

But when it comes to good things to eat—we have the best of everything and everything at its best. And a good time we all surely do have. Why shouldn't we with twenty-two bright and happy girls and twenty-seven equally happy boys—forty-nine in all? Tilton is generally on hand to cause a roar with one of his 'breaks,' while Bonnie a Pierre's (appears) to make a hit with her witty sayings, and Tom Smith enlightens us on the doctrine of theology.

Our Thanksgiving dinner was a great success. We took the scalp of the Sloat's Club in the Boy's Basket Ball game, while the Orr Club proceeded to take ours in turn.

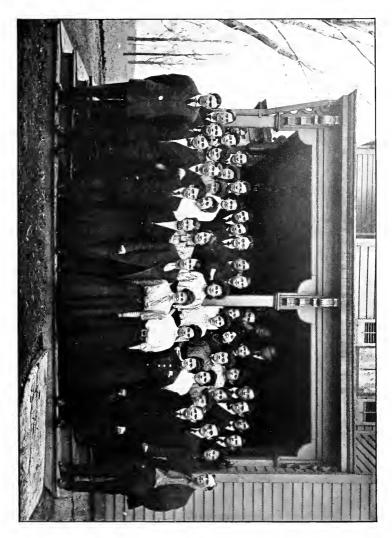
Volumes more could be written about "Old Bridenthal" but we must close with the toast given at one of our dinners by the wife of a member of the faculty:—

"Then here's to the Bridenthal Club, Renowned for its wit and its grub; Long may she flourish And bright genius nourish, Then here's to the Bridenthal Club.

Anna Barnes Roberta Barnes Alice Bovard Robert Bryson Arthur Clendening David Collins Mary Cooke Margaret Corette Ethel Downing Francis Frasier Cloyce Beard Joseph Fartheringham Elsie French Joe Funderburgh Kenneth Gordon Bertha Johnson

Lulu Laughead George Leighton Lella Logan Gladys Lorimer Charles McCracken James McCulloch Geneva McCaw Walter McMillan Joseph McQuigg Helen Martin Inez Morris Charles Monteith Dorothy Morrow Eugene Nixon Pierre Norwood Ethel St. Clair

Thomas Smith Zenas Spicer Mildred Steele Nellie Stevenson Charles Tilton Wallace Turnbull Will Turnbull Earl Vincent Theresa Wallace Nancy Warwick Paul Warwick Harold Watt Earle Wells Robert White J. Theodore Young Walter Getty



Sloats Club.

Cateress, MISS SLOATS.



HAT'S in a name." So we here you ask? And many voices give many replies; but ask any one of the students who are so fortunate as to dine regularly at Sloats Club, or any of those who occasionally visit there; what's in a name and there will be but one reply. "They will answer, they will tell you," there's much in a name - when that name is Sloats. It

stands for the best. The "eatins" are splendid and nicely served Pray tell, where can you find a jollier crowd of one higher in college circles? We're Seniors, Juniors, Sophs and Freshies, with maybe a Prep or two; We're leaders in society, in politics, and in Y, M & Y. W. C. A.; and we're leaders in athleties, in studies and in "steadies," as well.

The Club has enjoyed several pleasant evenings together during the year. One of the most enjoyable being that spent in the "gym" when our basket ball teams played Bridenthals, winning by a final score of 29 to 28.

Sadie Archer Sadie Elder George McIntyre Edgar Andrew Lawrence Fulton John McGeoch Grace Alexander Verne Graham Fred McLain Bess Bailey Florence Hayes Edith Oliver Edna Brown Estella Kyle Jennie Pearce Gladstone Barrett Ralph Kyle George Puntenney Elizabeth Baldridge Jennie Kinsman Bess Renwick Carl Croson Helen Moore Hugh Rhodes Ross Moore Glynne Rowan Robert Clarke Ernest Collins Carl Megchelsen Wilma Spicer Fredrica McDougall Nora Scantlin Ruth Cleland Rachel Weir Carrie Colethurst Bess McCoy Sarah Caldwell Helen McClanahan Bess Whiteman Grace Duff Madge McLean Miss Henderson



Orr Club.

Cateress, MRS. ORR.



HREE TIMES a day a jolly bunch of young people assembles at 227 South 6th street and partakes of the bounties of nature after they have been rendered palatable by our popular cateress, Miss Katherine Orr. None but those who have shoved their chairs up to her table can begin to appreciate to what a degree at perfection "domestic science" can be developed. This famous organization has been in existence but one year but if

its whole history were related "I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that could be written." Did not the Orr Club limp off with the club basket ball championship? Four of that husky football team received their nourishment at the Orr Club. Space will not suffice to tell of the basket ball, base ball and track men who make their headquarters here. Both the captain and the manager of our ladies' basket ball team eat with us.

But that famous cooking of Miss Orr's does not only produce brawn but it is the best of brain food.

Two of the members of the Coe debate team accredit this as the reason for our victory over Coe. In fact, a member of the Coe debating team sampled her cooking, while here and understsod why it was so easy for us.

Our club is the best organized perhaps of any in school for don'twe have a "Lackey," a "Porter" and in cases of emergency, our "Marshall" is always at hand. Two of our most famous dishes are "Liver-more" and 'Piffer" two. We have one continual circus, for our "Campbell" is full of tricks and ever and anon cheers up the homesick Freshmen. Perhaps one of the best things about our club is the low "Rait" we have, it certainly is easy "Picken."

The Orr Club has had some unexpected success which, although very gratifying, yet was not the destined end for which our club was organized. Last winter one of our number becames o interested in the art of cooking that she has gone to housekeeping at Winfield, lowa. Two more of our number, so the rumor goes, intend to bid us good-bye in June. But this is not all, prospects are even brighter, for two more are said to have their trunk packed and are expected to leave almost any time. We challenge any club to eclipse this record.

Inez McLean
Alfred Phillips
Raymond Vance
Ella Hannum Downing
Margaret Picken
Karl Person
Geo Cunningham
lda Maskry
Oscar Person
Ethel Loftus
Dalton Galloway
Maude Edgerton
Arthur Smith
Margaret Weed
Edna Rait

Ella Downie
Florence Piffer
Laura Moffit
Margaret Downie
Hugh McElroy
J⊹mes Picken
Lottie Piffer
-Joseph Picken
Lawrence Smith
Shontz Campbell
Lula Fullerton
Arch McCleery
Janette Baird
Harland Duncan
Agnes Baird

Frank Hill
Bryce Ferguson
Vera Sheevis
Jno. Robinson
Helen Lackey
Agnes Young
Wallace Black
Lena Glass
Henry Brown
Margaret Robinson
James Quay
Grace Davidson
Ethel Lowry
Carl Nelson
Faye Lenhart

George Nash
Ethyl McCoy
Charles Smith
Edith Hickman
Wallace Baird
Belle Livermore
Carl Whitesell
Mary McCoy
Annis Marshall
Mathew Neil
Francis Porter
Effie Smith
Wm Hoyman



Ease Inn.

Cateress, MRS. FIELDS.



When day is bright Or day is dreary-Be spirits light Or body weary; Ye Inn is cosy Welcome, cheery. Be numbers small And board but one, Ye banquet hall Were far less fun, When grace is said And meal begun. A story read By any one-Is told, and, if the point Be plain to see, Ruth understands "How that might be."

If parson's wife Be gone away
The parson chooses
Ye Inn, to stay
And good meals have,
And a merry chat
To cheer his spirits
And keep him fat.
He kindly suggests,
'Ere it is too late,
To help Tom out
Of his bachelor state.

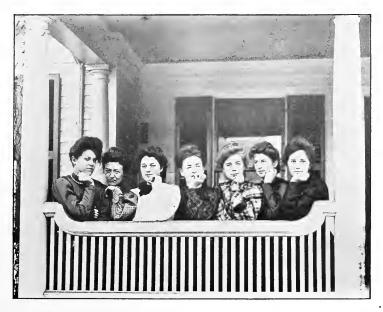
But these are jokes
For those concerned,
Yet serve to get folks'
Interest turned
To the nicest place
In Monmouth town,
Where the sun of laughter
Ne'er goes down — Ease Inn.

Hamilton Club.

Cateress, MRS. HAMILTON.

When from the North,
East, South and West
A giddy gang we came,
Ravenous for eatin's: the very best,
Entered Hamilton's place of fame.

Seven are we,
Even four and three,
Very sedate we've grown to be,
Ever in spirits of life and jest,
Notice the change! 'Tis for the best.
Cheel Cheel



The Student Volunteer Band.



HE STUDENT Volunteer Band occupies an important place in the religious work of Monmouth College. It is a part of the great Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, organized in 1886, which affects nearly one thousand institutions of higher learning in North

America and which has for its aim "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation." Through the work of the Volunteer Movement, in the twenty-one years of its organization, over three thousand men and women from the colleges of America have sailed to the Mission field, and here are few student committees today in which the spirit of missions is not stronger and more fruitful because of the work of this organization.

Although the interest in Missions in Monmouth College has always been strong, there was no vital organization of Volunteers until 1904, when four students, Miss Charlotte Claney, Mr. Carl Nelson, Mr. Fred Anderson and Mr. Milford Barnes formed the first permanent Volunteer Band. Up to that time twenty-nine graduates had gone forth to the foreign mission field. Since then three have sailed, two graduates and one undergraduate, and the membership of the Band has increased from two to thirty-three last year, while this year the membership is twenty. A peculiar tie of fellowship holds the members together. They realize there is a mighty work before them and they regard their mission a lofty one. This fellowship is of a three-fold nature—fellowship in prayer; in aggressive work for missions before going to the field; and, on the part of the volunteers, in preparation for their life work.

The work of the Band is to study some phase of mission work and to discuss the problems connected with the preparation of volunteer missionaries. We keep in touch with the graduates on the mission field by letters, and returned missionaries bring us their best experiences and suggestions. Nor is the social side forgotten, for we delight in having a good time now and then. The meetings of the Band are held every Sabbath afternoon at two o'clock, and all the students of the college are invited to these meetings. A special meeting for prayer is held every Wednesday night at 6,30,



Y. W. C. A.



HE WQRK of the Association during the past year has been under the guidance of Estella Kyle with Jennie Kinsman, Lella Logan, Elsie French, Mary Gabby, Ruth Johnson, Grace Brownell, Edith Shields and Ethel Senseman as members of the Cabinet. The work this year has been aggressive and in many respects successful.

The spiritual element of the Association was deepened by visits from Mrs. Day and Miss Winn last Spring. Last October Miss Weeks, the State secretary was with us a few days.

To the Summer conference at Waterloo we sent Misses Brownell and Hamilton We were represented at the State conference at Champaign last November by Misses Senseman, Lowery and Burnside,

The Association introduced some new plans for increasing funds by buying secondhand books and by issuing a college calendar. The beginning has been good and we believe it can be much more successful if tried again,

Ws are indebted to Nora Scantlin, Stella Wylie, Agness Young and Miss Patterson for the excellent revision of our constitution. This clear outline of the Association work wil be of much value to the Cabinet in the coming years.

The Association also invested in twelve dozen cups and plates last Spring.

The regular Association prayer meetings or "circles" have been held on Friday evenings. Many interesting meetings have been held and the attendance has been good.

The new officers for the coming year with Miss Agnes Young as President took up the work this Spring term. The prospects for the coming year are very bright and we bespeak for them a very successful year.



Y. M. C. A.



HROUGHOUT the past year the Y. M. C. A. has proven a most helpful factor in college life.

The work has been very gratifying and those who have taken advantage of this golden opportunity feel that their spiritual life has been greatly helped. A young Men's Christian Association in college occupies a peculiar position; it offers an opportunity

which no other phase of college life has, namely, the opportunity to build up a clean, strong, active christian character.

It puts into a man's life the key note of sucress—power—and equips him with an ability which is sure to win. The Bible Study, although not as many took it up as was hoped, has been carried on most enthusiastically by those who did enter the class and the good which these men have received by this systematic study is of lasting influence. The Association was represented at the Lake Geneva Conference last summer by Frank E. Hill, Walter Getty and Wallace Baird.



Phi Delta Sigma.

GRACE ELIZABETH DUFF, 1907.

JENNIE WARD KINSMAN, 1907.

EMMA JANE LYTLE, 1907.

NORA WALLACE SCANTLIN, 1907.

RACHEL MYRA WEIR, 1907.

FLORENCE MAY BRADY, 1908,

MARIA CATHERINE SPICER, 1908.

LAURA ARMENIA WATT, 1908.

HELEN CLARKE MOORE, 1909.

BESSIE LAVINA RENWICK, 1909.

RUTH NORTON CLELAND, 1910

SADIE GLENN ELDER, 1910.

SORORES EX-COLLEGIO.

MABEL LYNN

MABEL MARTHA MOORE
FLORA TURNBULL

EDNA McCLURKIN

THEODORE MAY McKELVEY
ESTER LILLIAN DAME
FLORENCE MAY FINDLEY

MAUD S. ORTH
EDITH SAWYER



Zeta Epsilon Chi.

FOUNDED IN 1899

MARY LOUISE REID, 1907

MARY ETHEL SENSEMAN, 1907

MILLIE ELIZABETH BIGGER, 1907

EDITH MERLE JEWELL, 1908

ADAH BLANCHE KREIG, 1908

ELLA RUTH JOHNSON, 1908

MARGARET HAZEL BURNSIDE, 1908

ELIZABETH THOMSON GRAHAM, 1909

EDITH BELLE OLIVER, 1909

EDITH SHIELDS, 1909

HELEN GRAHAM, 1910

ALICE LOUISE AUSTIN, 1910

ALICE HANNAH BURNSIDE, 1910

GERTRUDE JAMIESON, 1910

MINNIE MAY STORY, 1910



Kappa Alpha Sigma.

SORORES IN COLLEGIO.

BESS BUTLER '06

ETHEL COLLINS '07

MAUDE ALLISON '07

ELEANOR AUSTIN '08

MARGARET LORD '08

BEULAH STEWART '08

MILDRED PATTERSON '08

RUTH TUBBS '08

LUCILE WILSON '09

HELEN McCLANAHAN, '09

GENEVRA McCAW '09

MARIE GILTNER '10

BONNIE BARNES '10

MAE HANNA

SORORES EX COLLEGIO

JENNIE SMITH '06
CARRIE HAMILTON
LENA BLANCHE WILSON' 06
ERMA BABCGCK '05
GRACE McKINLEY FIROVED 05
JOANNA MITCHELL '05
NORA CORETTE '05
PAULINE COLLINS '04
HOPE ANDREWS '04
EDNA F. THURSTON '03
CORA BRUNNEMER '03
LUCY HARRIS SPEER '02
HELEN DUNBAR EAKIN '02

NANCY IRWIN '06

MARY HAMILTON
NELLE FISH
ISABEL DUNBAR
LORA SYKES
NANCY RICE
MARY EAKIN
MARGARETTA BUTTS
JESSIE ARNOT
PEARL LOVE
BERTHA ADEXANDER
ALETHA SOULE MORROW
EDITH MUNFORD MOSER
MABEL PACKARD ROBINSON
MAY WALLACE GIBSON







Philo Peanut Night.



N FRIDAY EVENING, November ninth, the Philadelphian Literary Society held their annual Peanut Banquer in honor of those elected as representatives for the Philo-Eccritean contest. The contestants chosen were Arch Owen, debator; Frank Hill, orator, Thomas Hamilton, essayist; John Robinson, declaimer.

An informal reception was held in Philo Hall, after which the guests proceeded to the Assembly room, where an elegant banquet was served. Autumn leaves and the red and old gold of the society produced a pleasing effect. The following toast program was given with O. S. French, an alumnus, as toastmaster.

To Monmouth College				•												Alfre	d W. Ph	illips
To The Occasion	٠													-			Earl I	Elder
To Our New Members						٠		٠		٠							Arch C	wen
To Our Ladies																	Ralph D.	Kyle
Response			٠												Agn	es E.	Young	
To Our Contestants		٠										-				١	Vm. Hoy	man
Response					٠										Philo	Con	testants	
To Old Philo ·		٠						٠					٠			W	allace J.	Bleck

Eccritean Peanut Night.



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CCRITEAN SOCIETY held their Annual Peanut Night Banquet, in honor of their contest team, on the evening of the ninth of November. Those choson were Carl Croson, Debator; Sheller Peacock, Orator; John Millen, Essayist; John McAllister, Declaimer.

After a reception held in Eccritean hall, the guests adjourned to the gymnasium. This was artistically decorated in the colors of the College and Eccritean. Following an elaborate five course banquer, the following roast program was given:

Toastmaster,							V	Vallace J. Turnbull
To Peanut Night								Homer Campbell
To Our Contestants								· James Clarke
Response ·				٠				Contestants
To the Ladies ·								· Earle Well.
Response ·								Louise Reid
To Our New Members								· Sheller Peacock
Response ·								Gladstone Barrett
Fo Monmouth College								· Harold Watt
To Old Eccritean								· Carl Croson
Response ·	-							Judge R. J. Grier

Junior-Senior Banquet.



MONG THE closing festivities in store for the members of the Senior class the Junior-Senior banquet holds a prominent place. The festivities took place this year at the Colonial Hotel on the evening of the Seventeenth of May. The guests were entertained in a unique way during the early part of the evening and were then invited to the banqueting room. The following toast pro-

gram was given:

toastmistress, katherine w. anderson,										
"Six and forty Blackbirds, baked in pie" Earl Wells	ŝ									
Response · · · · Louise Reid	l									
Vocal Solo—ROYAL HUGHES.										
"Who Killed Cock Robin" · · · · Earl Elder										
'Ding, Dong, Dell'' Jennie Kinsman										
"There was a man in our town and he was wondrous wise" Sheller Peacock										
Piano Solo—RACHAEL WEIR.										
"Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall, Humpty Dumpty had a great fall" . John Millen										
"Little Jack Jingle used to live single" Merle Jewell										
Vocal Solo—FLORENCE SCOTT.										
"Roll on, roll on, you restless waves" Arch Owen										
"Tomorrow will be Sunday" · · · · Agnes Young										

Freshman-Sophomore Banquet.



ONTRARY to a time honored custom, February the twenty-second was peacefully celebrated by the Freshmen banqueting the Sophomores.

The Colonial Hotel was the scene of the festivities, which proved to be most enjoyable. A splendid five-course banquet was served, with

small red hatchets as favors. The toast program was as follows:

TOASTMASTER, GEORGE NASH.

Freshmen-Sophomor	e Ban	quet	٠			٠		· Minnie Story
Our Class .								George Puntenny
The Due System	•			 •	•			Marie Giltner
Monmouth College								Theodore Young
The Ladies ·								Gladstone Barrett
Response · ·								Margaret Lord
Our Guests ·								James Quay
Response								Harold Watt

Senior Day.



afforded.

CCORDING to tradition and custom the Senior class observed the twenty-second of February as Senior Day.

This festive celebration was held in the gym. It was on this occasion that the supposed dignified Seniors threw off their masks and gave vent to their pent up feelings. To tell all the ways it manifested itself would only weary the reader, suffice it to say—"Eliza" prepared us a most sumptuous feast—not of reason but of all the delicacies the market

A toast program was given immediately after the dinner in which the subjects that were dearest to their hearts were treated in a masterly fashion. At five o'clock they adjourned to meet at seven from which time they continued their celebration.

TOAST PROGRAM.

Toastmaster,						ARCH OWEN
Pater Noster						WALLACE TURNBULL
Charter Members						. JAMES CLARKE
St. Cecelia · ·						RACHAEL WEIR
Solo					`	. ROYAL HUGHES
When Knighthood Was	ln Flower					THOMAS HAMILTON
After The Ball .		,				. EUGENE NIXON
Stunts , .		,	,			MILLIE BIGGER
Our Athletes ,	,					. JOHN MILLEN
The Time, the Place and	the Girl		,	,	,	. ROSS MOORE
Terpsichore a la Rollers						. EMMA LYTLE
Guardians of the Treasury	of Meri	t				, FRANK HILL
Foregleams ,			, ,	,	,	. JENNIE KINSMAN

Zeta Epsilon Chi Dinner.

O

N TUESDAY evening. February fifth, the girls of the Zeta sorority entertained their gentlemen friends, with their only large party during the year. It was in the form of an eight thirty dinner, served at the Colonial Hotel.

The parlors were used for receiving during the early part of the evening, after which the guests were taken to the dining-room, and an elegant six-course dinner was served. The tables were decorated with pink and white carnations and smilax, and lighted with candles,

The place cards were embossed with the Zeta pin. After the dinner, an informal musical program was given.

The party was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Brown, Mrs. Brown being a charter member of the sorority. Those in attendance declared that it was a most delightful evening

Phi Delta Sigma Dinner.

HE PHI DELTA SIGMA girls entertained their gentlemen friends with a seven o'clock dinner at the home of Miss Maude Orth on Hallowe'en.

The walls of the dining room were decorated with red and gold autumn leaves, while from the chandelier yellow ribbons hung to each corner of

the table. The table was uniquely decorated with the ribbon and a large bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums, while at each place was a white chrysanthemum and a hand painted pumpkin placard.

After an elaborate six-course dinner the company adjourned to the parlors, which had been ornamented with leaves and the society pennants, where they enjoyed music and contests. During the evening cider was served from a large moss covered jar in the hall, rustic in it's adornment of leaves and jack-o-lanterns. Much fun was gained by accepting the invitation of a fortune teller to visit her tent, where the fate and fortune of each was revealed. The evening proved most enjoyable for all.

Kappa Alpha Sigma Dinner.



NE OF THE prettiest and most delightful college functions of the year was the dinner given by the Kappa Alpha Sigma girls at the home of Miss Mae Hanna on South A street, on the evening of Aoril fourth.

The house was attractively decorated with violets, white carnations and smilax, and the color scheme of violet and white was carried out in all the decorations.

The guests of the occasion were the gentlemen friends of the sorority. They were received by sixteen Kappas, who formed the receiving line. The hostess then led the way to the dining room, where the company found their places at the tables by means of dainty violet-tinted place cards. An elegant five-course dinner was served.

The remainder of the evening was spent in playing games and listening to an informal program of musical selections and readings. This function will long be remembered by these in attendance.

May Party.

NE OF the prettiest of all College customs, and one charming with beauty and grace was the Annual May Party, given by the young ladies of the College, on the afternoon of May twenty-first, 1906, from the hours of four to six, on the campus.

It has been the custom for the young men of the College to select a Queen of the May, from among the girls of the Senior Class. Miss Blanche Wilson of Morning Sun, Iowa, was the honored one, and she was crowned with great pomp and ceremony.

The dance was held under the shade of the trees, and directly in front of the throne, which had been erected near the front of the campus. The throne was decorated in green and white, and the dancers clad in pretty costumes made a beautiful scene. Preceeding the dance, a promenade was made across the campus. Leading the procession were the May pole dancers, followed by the maid of honor, flower girls and the Queen, accompanied by her canopy bearer, ribbon bearers, pages and the attendants, carrying ivy chains

The coronation was a splendid spectacle, and the twelve dancers went thru the intricate figures with rare grace and charm. Following the dance light refreshments were served, and a merry time was enjoyed by all, for the party was a success in every particular.

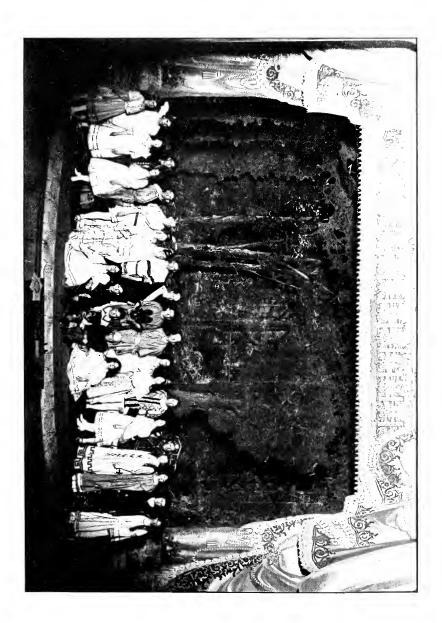


"Mid-Summer Nights Dream"

SHAKESPEARE.

Presented by the Class of '06.

	CAST.										
Theseus, Duke of Athens,			WALTER BLOOD								
Lysander, Lord of Hermia,			JAMES RHODES								
Demetrius, his rival,			CLYDE MATSON								
Egens, Athenian noble, father of Hermia,			HENRY DRIEMEYER								
Philostrate, master of the revels.			W. W. HICKMAN								
Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons			NANCY IRWIN								
Hermia, daughter of Egens,			FRANCIS LANPHERE								
Helena, · · · · ·			FERNE THOMSON								
			ADA ST. CLAIR								
Amazons in attendance on Hippolyta.			ANNA PINKERTON								
THE HARD HAN	NDED MEN	OF ATH	ENS.								
Nick Bottom, the weaver,			WILL J. STEVENSON								
Joince, the carpenter.			 F. RAY ELDER 								
Sung, the joiner,			JOHN W, ROBINSON								
Flute, the bellows mender,			· SAMUEL PICKEN								
Suout, the tinker,			FRANK R. McLANE								
Starving, the tailor,			, JOHN S. LANT								
FAIRIES.											
Aberon, king of fairyland ,			ARTHUR G. SMITH								
Titania, queen of fairyland,			BLANCHE WILSON								
Puck or Robin Goodfellow.			JAMES LE CLERE								
Peaseblossom,			BERTHA CAMPBELL								
Cobweb, · · · ·			ESTHER DAME								
Moth,			LUELLA OLIVER								
Musiardseed, · · · · ·			EDNA WHITEHILL								
Rose Petal,			 NELLIE HYER 								
			(JENNIE SMITH								
Singing Fairies,			BESS BUTLER MAUDE BURR								
			(MAUDE BURK								
MUSIC—I	MENDELSSO	OHNS.									
Director of the Play,		GERT	RUDE D. HENDERSON								
Director of the Orchestra,		· M	RS. ALICE B. HOBART								
Business Manager,		•	WILL J. STEVENSON								



CLASS PLAY OF 1907.

"The Merchant of Venice"

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

TI DI AVI
The Duke of Venice JAMES H. PICKEN
The Prince of Morocco \ The Prince of Arragon \ Suitors to Portia \ THOMAS HAMILTON \ LAURENCE ALLEN
Antonio, the Merchant of Venice · · · · C. SHELLAR PEACOCK
Bassanio, his friend, suitor likewise to Portio
Salanio, Salarino, Gratiano, Gratiano, Gratiano, Salarino, Gratiano, Gratiano, Salarino, Gratiano, Gratian
Lorenzo, in love with Jessica, J. ROSS MOORE
SHYLOCK, a rich Jew · · · · JOHN M MILLEN
Tubal, his friend, , , , , , WALTER CETTY
Launcelot Gobbo, a clown servant to Shylock . , WALTER W. McMILLAN
Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot , , , WALTER GETTY
Leonardo, servant to Bassanio ZENAS SPICER
Balthasar, servant to Portia , , , . , , JAMES A. McCOY
Servant , , , , , , , . , CARL E. CROSON
Jailer , , , , WALLACE TURNBULL
Clerk of the Court , , , . LAURENCE ALLEN
PORTIO, a rich heiress, s , , . INEZ E. McLEAN
Nerissa, her maid , . , . EMMA J. LYTLE
Jessica, daughter to Shylock , , , , , ETHEL SENSEMAN
Attendants upon Portia,

Officers of the Court of Justice, and Jawyers: ANNIS B MARSHALL, MARGARET WEED, JENNIE W. KINSMAN, ETHEL G COLLINS, LAURA B. HAMILTON, IDA M. WALLACE, ETHEL A DOWNING,

Musicians in the house of Portia: MAUDE KROLLMAN, LULU J. McCOY, LAURA BROWN, THOMAS HAMILTON, ROYAL HUGHES

Junior Class Play.



"PREXIE'S DAUGHTER" alias "THE COLLEGE WIDOW"

"The Prexie's Daughter"

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Jack Heath, 2 student,	٠				· · RALPH KYLE
Mike Flannigan, the trainer,					· LESLIE SHERRICK
Jeff Ryder, the football coach,					 JOHN ROBINSON
"Cupid" Coghlan, a student,					 ROBERT BRYSON
"Runt" Hayes, a football man,					· JOE PICKEN
Sally Fisher, Cupid's steady,					 MABEL COWDEN
Mrs. Eudocia Smith-Jenkins, a c	hape	ron,			· · MABEL BURNS
Marion Bane, a kokak fiend,					. RUTH JOHNSON
Bee Belton, the "Prexy's daughte	r,''				 · MERLE JEWELL
Thomas Spinner, policeman.					· · · HUGH RHODES
Bob Lafferty, a student,					GEORGE CUNNINGHAM
Cora Phinney, a wastress,					· MARIA SPICER
Samuel Brewster, president of the	ne L.	R. R.	R.,		· EARLE WELLS
Jonathan Belton, the "Prixie" of	Ma	rvin C	ollege	,	· WALLACE BAIRD
Sophicles Smith, a tutor,					· ROBERT WHITE
Ephriam Patch, of Podunk,				,	· ALFRED PHILLIPS
Lon Shepherd, a student,					· LAWRENGE FULTON
Dick Brewster, a football man,					. KENNETH GORDON
Possum Moore, a student,					· CHESTER SMITH
Grace Curry, Sophia Chubb, Kate Curtiss, Margaret Burnham, Jean Campbell, Dora White,	. (College			AGNES YOUNG MAUDE HOOD NANCY WARWICK GRACE MILLER KATHERINE ANDERSON LULU LAUGHEAD
Students and Football Players,					ROY LINN, WILL HOYMAN, N AND PAUL GII MER



17. 40





"RUNT" HAYS



"FRESH FISH."



BETWEEN HALVES.

Το

WALTER WILSON McMILLAN,

The Prince of Monmouth College's Athletics,
The Department of Athletes
is Dedicated
by the





O. C. BELL



OO MUCH cannot be said of the successful work of Coach Bell in the past two years and his departure will leave a vacancy in Monmouth College which will be hard to fill.

In the Spring of 1905 he had charge of the track team and was successful.

The following year he was engaged to take charge of Monmouth College Athletics and no one in the history of the College has put forth more effort, been attended by

more success or raised athletics to a higher standard than has he.

He has the honor of coaching two of the best track teams, one of the best base ball teams and the two best foot ball teams that Monmouth has ever had, winning the foot ball championships for the past two seasons.

His success does not seem so much due to the technicalities of his work as to the spirit which he displayed and instilled into his teams. A natural leader, he exercised rigid discipline and got more work from his men than they themselves thought possible.

Missouri State Normal, recognizing his ability, offered him a position which he accepted and holds at present. We wish him much success.



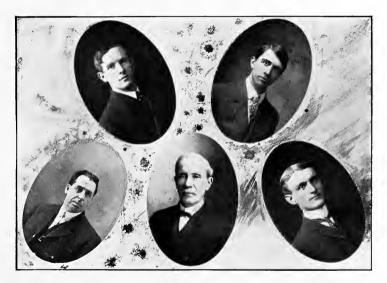




MR. A. G. REID.

Our new Athletic Director who has so ably filled Mr. Bell's place since his resignation-

Athletic Board.



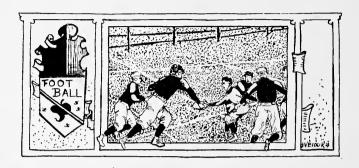
GEORGE PATTON, President.

DR. RUSSELL GRAHAM, Treasurer.

IVORY QUINBY,

CHESTER, SMITH,

RALPH KYLE.





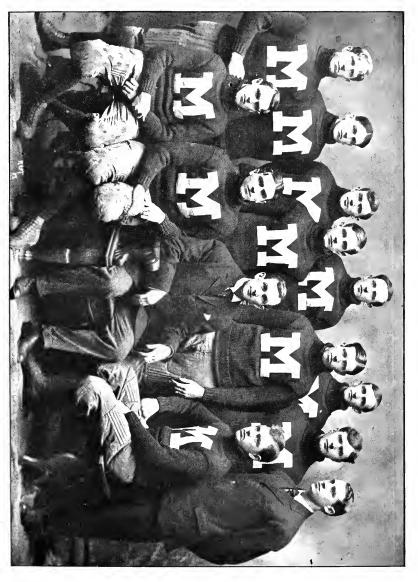
SCHEDULE.

Monmouth, 17 Biggsville H. S., 0.
Monmouth, 30 Monmouth H. S., 0.
Monmouth, 60 Illinois College, 0.
Monmouth, 11 Kewanee A. C., 0.
Monmouth, 51 Des Moines, 0.
Monmouth, 12 Lake Forest, 0.
Monmouth, 10 Beloit, 0.

SHELLAR PEACOCK. Manager.

LINE-UP

			-	PIME-OL		
Nash Picken	٠.	٠.		Ends		Nixon
			•	Tackles	-	Hill
Clark		-		Guards		Robinson
				Center Millen		
				Quarter Back Smith		
Norwoo	od	•		Half Backs Full Back		McMillan, Capt
				Turnbull		



Gridiron Gossip for Season of 1906.

HE team of '06 will ever stand pre-eminent as the first to go through its schedule winning every game, and as the first Monmouth College team to gain the undisputed collegiate championship of three states. With the great team of '05 as a nucleus; with nine "M" men of that team reporting for practice, Monmouth's chances looked very bright indeed. As the season advanced under the new rules, we found the team even better adapted for the new style of game than the old, and Coach Bell set his famous machine in motion, to pilot it thru a series of victories until it gained for itself the title of "College Champions of the West."

The schedule was not so full as last year's owing to the unsettled condition of the football world Knox and Lombard, our old rivals, abandoned the game. This cost us two big games and necessitated that the majority of the games be away from home. Manager Peacock, handicapped by unsatisfactory conditions, arranged games with the most important colleges of the west, and in every way proved himself an efficient manager. Rainy weather kept the scores down as our "pony back field" were not "mud horses." The men owe much to their captain, Walter McMillan, who proved himself to be a leader worthy of his team.

Turnbull, Norwood, McMillan and Smith made a back field that for speed and ability out-classed any team we met, while the ends. Nixon and Nash, were equally strong. Before other reams had delved into the intricacies of the "forward pass" and "onside kick," Coach Bell had them working smothly and effectively. While in several games "stars" appeared, yet a faculty member aptly termed the situation when he called them "a whole constellation," for the secret of success lay in the men, not as individuals but as a unit. Nine old men, most of whom had played together three years, made much of the rudiamentory work unneccessary, and Coach Bell directed all his energy toward perfecting the smoothest going, swiftest, most perfectly balanced western football team outside of the big nines. How well he succeded needs no elaboration.

The season opened with four high school games, in which the new material was worked over. By the last of these games the right man for every position had been found.

Our first collegiate game came Oct. 13, when we played Illinois College at Monmouth. The down state men were far behind us in development, and in two short halves Monmouth scored 61 points, Illinois College did not score.

On Oct, 18, Monmouth went to Kewanee to play the Kewanee Regulars. It was a rough and unsatisfactory game profitable only in experience. The Regulars outweighed the Collegians twenty pounds to the man, but even on a muddy field were outclassed, Monmouth 11 to 0.

Following the custom of last season Monmouth met Milliken on the Lake View field, in Peoria. Another muddy field retarded the play of both teams. Milliken proved stronger than last year and it was only after sixty minutes of hard fighting that Monmouth proved victors—25 to 9. Milliken was the only team scoring on us throughout the season. She made her nine points from a drop kick and a touch-down from a fumbled ball—98—

On November 10, Monmouth formally opened athletic relations with Des Moines College by defeating her—51 to 0. The lowa champions could not solve the forward pass and this alone counts for the size of the score. This was the only game played on a dry field and was the fastest game of the season.

The team journeyed to Chicago to play Lake Forest on Nov. 17. By this time Monmouth had issued her state championship challenge, and Lake Forest stood as the last contestant to her claim. The state championship game was perhaps the most hard fought of the season. The Foresters played with a desperation bordering at times on rough playing, and on straight football held Monmouth level. But on the finer points, in teamwork and football skill, Monmouth excelled. The scores were made on three drop kicks by Smith.

On November 24, Beloit College, as champions of Wisconsin and Michigan, came to Monmouth to play for the Western Collegiate championship. On a field of snow and mud Monmouth wrested her titles from her in the greatest game in the history of Monmouth College football. Two touchdowns by straight football gave Monmouth her victory.



TRI-STATE CHAMPIONSHIP SQUAD.

Personnel of Championship Team '96

By O. C. BELL.

WALTER McMILLAN, '07.

Left Half

Age 24

Height 5 ft. 9 in.

Weight 145 lbs.



"Captain McMillan is without question the greatest all around athlete that Monmouth College has ever had. During the football season he has played a very consistent game and at times has been one of the most brilliant members of the eleven. His strongest trait was backing up the line as defense quarter back. McMillan's tackling has been perfect and his ground gaining ability has always been good. In his handling of the team as captain and on the field he displayed good judgement. In helping his fellow players he was excellent."

"In Nixon Monmouth will lose the best smashing end for his weight in the west. His extreme speed, too, has stood him in good stead in forward passes, punts and side kicks. His tackling was first-class, and he was consistent in kicking goals from touchdowns. He was a fearless player and could always be counted on to break up an opposing team's play."



EUGENE NIXON. '07.

Left End

Age 22

Height 5 ft 11 in

Weight 155 lbs.

CHESTER SMITH, '08.

Quarter Back,

Age. 21.

Height, 5 ft. 8 in.

Weight, 135 lbs.



"I consider Smith by far the greatest of collegiate quarterbacks. For all around ability, he is the strongest man on the team. He is a faultless tackler, carries the ball well on quarterback runsand is a tower of strength in interferring for his fellow backs. He is a consistent drop kicker. In his running of the eleven, headwork, generalship, judgment of plays and finding of weak spots in his opponents he has shown himself to be one of the headiest of College players. In carrying the ball in a broken field he is without a peer."

"Pickens played a stronger game than last year. He is exceptionally fast on his feet for a man of his size and displayed phenomenal ability in carrying the ball from his position, in smashing up the opposing ream's plays he was one of the strongest men on the team. He did not meet his equal throughout the season."



JOSEPH PICKEN, '08.

Left Tackle.

Age, 21.

Height, 6 ft

Weight, 190 lbs.

GEORGE NASH, '10 Left End Age 19 Height 5 ft. 10 in. Weight 145 lbs.



"Nash's work in carrying the ball and on offensive work was good, as also was his tackling on defense, Although at times he displayed a high school fault in not playing a safe enough game, yet he soon rounded into college form and made an excellent running mate for Nixon. Larger experience in College ball will develope him into a great player."

"Millen at Center was the surprise of the season. He was perhaps the most aggressive player of the team and has filled LeClere's position beyond anyone's expectation. His passing of the ball has always been good. He was powerful on defence and in blocking points he was unequalled."



JOHN MILLEN, '07 Center Age 24 Height 6 feet Weight 197 lbs. ROBERT CLARKE, '07 Left Guard Age 21 Height 6 feet Weight 170



"Clarke at left guard showed himself to be the same strong player as in his freshman year. While never a brilliant player, yet he put up a steady consistent game until he was injured. He has two more years of College football"

"Norwood was a good running mate for McMillan at half. His extreme speed and ability to make holes made him a ground gainer at all times. As a defensive player his tackling was the equal of any member of the team and in keeping up the spirits of the eleven and in keeping the younger players balanced he was the most useful man in the squad."



PIERRE NORWOOD. '08

Left Half

Age 24

Height 5 ft. 8 in.

Weight 155.

JOHN ROBINSON, '08 Right Guard Age 24 Height 6 ft. 3 in. Weight 175.



"At right guard Robinson played the same dogged game of last year. He could be depended upon to open a hole and was strong in breaking through and tackling behind the line. He has two more years on the College team."

"While a Freshman, Turnbull has developed into a great player. He showed unsteadiness at times but he overcame this to a large extent as the season advanced. He was a versatile player and could be shifted from the back field to the line where he was almost as good as the regulars. With more experience and weight I predict great things for him as a full back."



MAX TURNBULL, '10
Full Back
Age 18
Height 6 ft. 1 in.
Weight 167.



FRANK HILL, '07 Right Tackle Age 24 Height 6 ft. 1½ in. Weight 170.

"Hill was a fast aggressive player. His strongest points were carrying the ball from his position and getting down fast under kick offs and punts. While apt, at times to play a little high he overbalanced this fault with his superior size and ability. He was a valuable and experienced member of the eleven "



"NICK" OFF FOR A TOUCHDOWN ON A FORWARD PASS.





WILL TURNBULL. Manager.

SCHEDULE

Monmouth 28 Co. H 34

Monmouth 46 Co. H 24

Monmouth 52 Hedding 19

Monmouth 37 Y. M. C. A. 26

Monmouth 39 Lombard 21

Monmouth 28 Co. H 30

Monmouth 23 Lake Forest 24

Monmouth 29 Lombard 32

Monmouth 40 Macomb Normal 12

LINE UP

Forwards Hamilton,

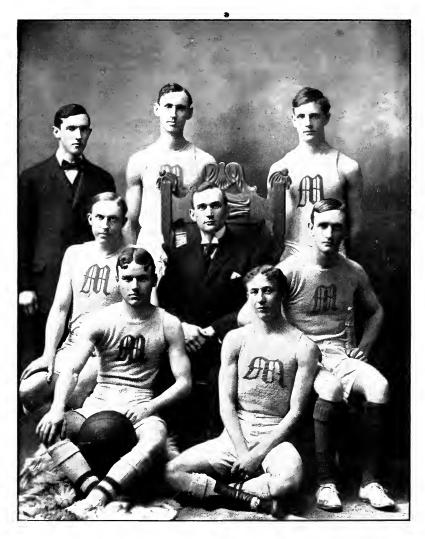
Smith

McMillan,

Guards Black,

Watt.

Center Turnbull.



Ladies' Basket Ball

SEASON OF 1906-'07



MISS YOUNG, Manager. MISS PORTER, Captain.

HE Basket Ball season just passed has been a successful one for the Ladies' Basket

Ball team. A good schedule was arranged by the maneger, Miss Agnes Young, and was followed out consistently. The majority of the team were new and inexperienced, but with training, they developed into steady players. The team work was excellent and the individual playing good. With last year's experience, Monmouth College, by next year, will have a winning Ladies' Basket Ball team

LINE UP

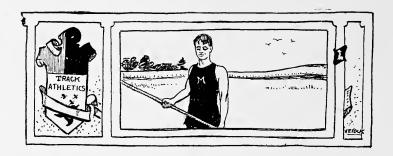
Forwards Miss Henderson, Miss Cowden.

Guards Miss Young, Miss Miller.

Center Miss Porter, captain.

Miss Kingsman,





SEASON OF 1907



JOHN MILLEN, Manager.

SCHEDULE

Dual meet at Decatur:
Monmouth 69 Milliken University 58

Dual meet at Monmouth: Monmouth 81 Lombard 23

Triangular meet at Monmouth:

Monmouth 69 Knox 38

Illinois 10

Triangular meet at Chicago: Monmouth 49 Armour 34

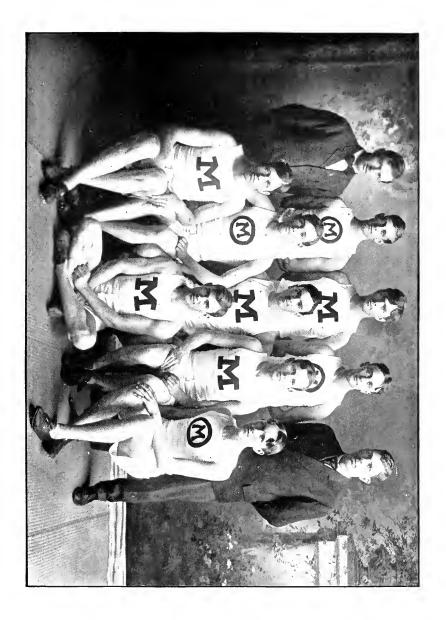
Knox 33

PERSONNEL

NIXON, Capt. NORWOOD, PICKEN, HILL,

TURNBULL,

McQUIGG, SMITH, PHILLIPS, HAMILTON.



Triangular Track Meet.

MONMOUTH, ILL., MAY 25, 1907.

MONMOUTH-KNOX-ILLINOIS.

100 YARD DASH—Nixon (M) first; Angerstein 11; Weber (I). Time 10 \(\frac{1}{2}\) seconds

POLE VAULT—Smith (M) first; Palmer (K); McClelland (K). Height 11 fr. \(\frac{1}{2}\) in.

440 YARD DASH—Turnbull (M) first; McQuigg (M); Hinchliff (K). Time 54 \(\frac{2}{3}\) seconds

RUNNING HIGH JUMP—Nixon (M) first; McIntosh (K) and Lawton (K) tied for second. Height 5 feet 8\(\frac{1}{2}\) inches.

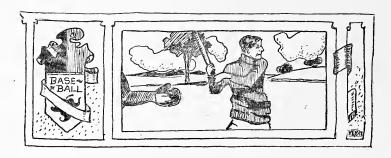
880 YARD RUN--Phillips (M) first: Turner (I), Glisson (K). Time 2 min 8 \(^3\) seconds. DISCUSS THROW--Picken (M) first: Smith (K); Hill (M). Distance 110 feet 7 inches. 220 YARD DASH—Nixon (M) first: Graves (K); Angerstein (I). Time 24 seconds. SHOT PUT--Smith (K) first: Picken (M); Hill (M) Distance 39 feet 11 inches. 220 YARD HURDLES—Smith (M) first; Spinner (K); Hinchliff (K) Time 26 \(^4\) seconds. HAMMER THROW--Picken (M) first; Hill (M); Smith (K). Distance 103 ft. 4 in. MILE RUN--Phillips (M) first: Erickson (K); Green (I). Time 4 minutes 53 \(^3\) seconds. BROAD JUMP--Nixon (M) first: Hill (M); Smith (K). Distance 20 ft. 8\(^1\) inches. 120 YARD HURDLE--Spinner (K) first; Hillolliff (K); Wright (I). Time 17 seconds.

OFFICIALS:

Referee and Starter—Bertice Marshall, Judges of Finish –Dr. Pillinger, W. McMillan, E. McMillan, Field Judges—I. E. Murphy, Geo. Nash, Web Johnston.
Timers—Dr. Hood, M. C. Porter, Kenneth Gordon.
Clerk of Course—Jim McCoy.
Announcer—John Robinson.
Scorer—Robt. Bryson.

Monmouth Track and Field Record.

50 yard Dash—Time, 5\(\frac{2}{3}\) seconds—Norwood, Monmouth 1906
100 yard Dash—Time, 10\(\frac{1}{3}\) seconds—Norwood, Monmouth 1907
220 yard Dash—Time, 22\(\frac{1}{3}\) seconds—Norwood, Monmouth 1905
440 yard Dash—Time, 24\(\frac{1}{3}\) seconds—Turnbull, Monmouth 1907
880 yard Run—Time, 2 minutes 4\(\frac{1}{3}\) seconds—Gardiner, Monmouth 1905
1 mile Run—Time, 4 minutes 53\(\frac{1}{3}\) seconds—Phillips, Monmouth 1907
120 yard Hurdles—17 seconds—Spinner, Knox 1905.
220 yard Hurdles—26\(\frac{1}{3}\) seconds—Smith, Monmouth 1907
High Jump—5 feet 11\(\frac{1}{3}\) inches—Nixon, Monmouth 1906
Broad Jump—20 feet 9\) inches—Nixon, Monmouth 1907
Pole Vault—11 feet \(\frac{1}{3}\) inches—Smith 1907
Shot Put—Distance 39 feet 11 inches—Smith, Knox 1907
Hammer Throw—Distance 123 feet 4 inches—Picken, Monmouth 1907
Discus Throw—110 feet 7 inches—Picken, Monmouth 1907



Season of 1907.



JAMES McCOY, Manager.

SCHEDULE.

Monmouth, 4; Burlington, 15; McMillan.

Monmouth, 12; Iowa Wesleyan, 1; Picken

Monmouth, 2; Monmouth Independents, 6; Picken.

Monmouth, 2; Monmouth Independents, o; McMillan.

Monmouth, 1. Bradley, 11; Picken.

Monmouth, 0; Notre Dame, 2; McMillan.

Monmouth, 3; Knox, 5; McMillan.

Monmouth, 15; Lake Forest, 2: Picken.

Monmouth, 11: Beloit, 3; Hamilton.

Monmouth, 4; Knox, 5: (10 innings) McMillan.

Monmouth, 6; Parsons, 2; McMillan.

Monmouth, 9; Iowa Wesleyan, 0; Hamilton.

Monmouth, 7; Nebraska, 2; Picken.

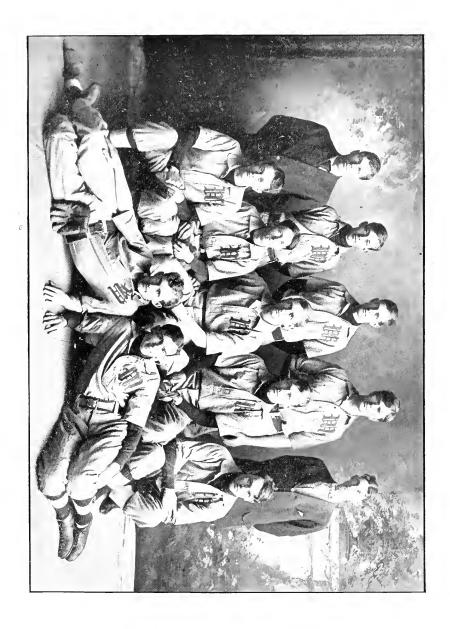
Monmouth, 0; Illinois Wesleyan, 2; McMillan

Monmouth, 4; Knox, 6; McMillan.

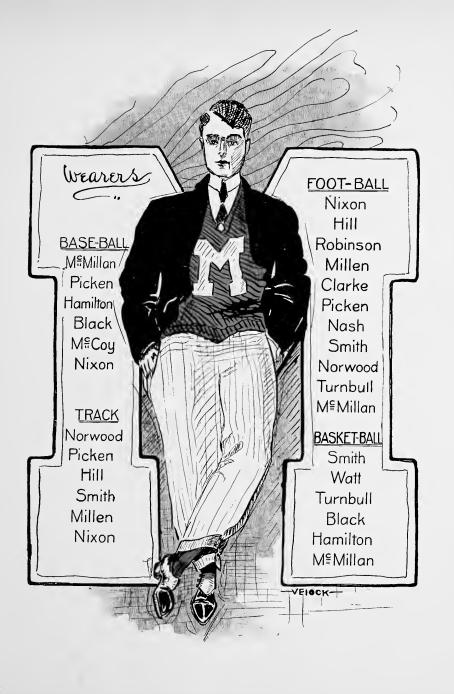
Monmouth, 1: Knox, 1; (5 innings) McMillan.

LINE UP.

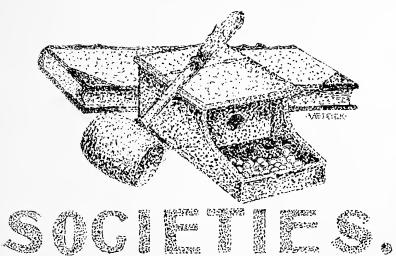
	McMillan C	Captain				pitcher	Puntenny a	and	Smit	h		catchers
	Picken					1st base	McCoy					2nd base
	Hamilton					3rd base	Nash .					short stop
	McClain					left field	Nixon					center field
			Jas.	Pick	en		right field and	d pi	tcher			
_	-114											











Amateurs Des Belles Lettres.

Katherine Anderson

Sadie Archer

Grace Alexander

Eleanor Austin

Louise Austin

Bessie Bailey

Millie Bigger

Mabel Burns

Mildred Birdsell

Alice Bovard

Maude Blair

Grace Brownell

Anna Barnes

Roberta Barnes

Edna Brown

Alice Burnside

Margaret Burnside

Margaret Corette

Florence Brady

rence bracy

Clara Coyner

Carrie Coldthurst

Mary Cook

Mabel Cowden

Minta Cowden

Ethel Collins

Ruth Cleland

Grace Duff

Ethel Downing

Michel Earp

hel Earp Sadie Elder

Maude Edgerton

Lois Diffenbaugh

Francis Frazier

Beth Graham

Ethel Grier

Mary Gabby

Ella Griffith

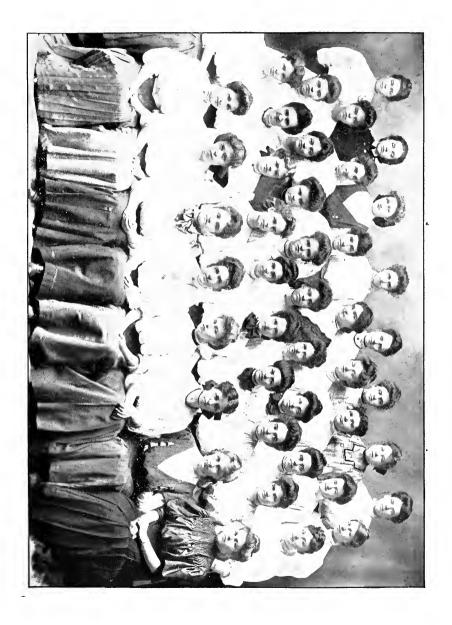
Helen Graham

Maude Hood

Ethel Hare

Mary Henderson

Merle Jewel



Amateurs Des Belles Lettres.

Dorothy Morrow

Mary Martin

Helen Moore

Ethel McQuiston

Inez Morris

Edith Oliver

Irvine Pinkerton

Lena Rodgers

Louise Reid

Besse Renwick

Nora Scantlin

Ethel Senseman

Maria Spicer

Wilma Spicer

Beulah Stewart

Minnie Story

Edith Shields

Nellie Stevenson Laura Watt

Laura VVaii

Besse Whiteman

Lucile Wilson

Nancy Warwick

Lucile White

Theresa Wallace

Rachel Weir

Genevra McCaw

lnez McLain

Etta McFarland

Fredericka McDougal

Besse McCoy

Helen McClanahan

Lulu Laughead

Emma Lytle

Lella Logan

Jennie Kinsman

Adah Krieg

Gertrude Jamieson

Blanch Johnson

Ruth Johnson



Eccritean.

Lawrence Allen

James McCullough

Harry McClellan

Tokashi Komatsu

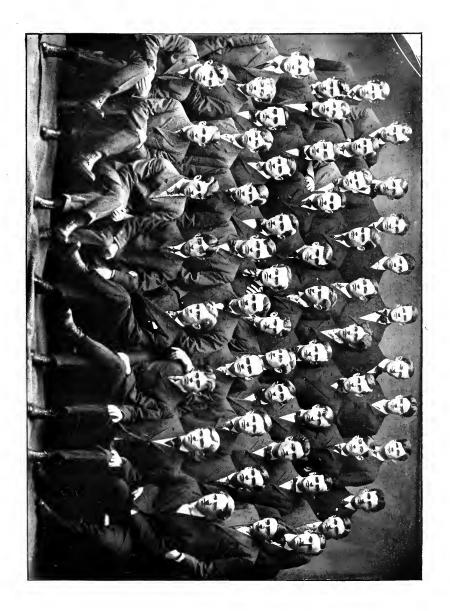
Fred McClain

Edd. Andrew Eugene Nixon Bobt. Bryson Shellar Peacock Cloyce Beard George Puntney G. H. Barrett Barton Parker Wm. Brereton John Ross Homer Campbell George Sawyer Robt. Clarke Leslie Sherrick Chester Smith James Clarke Arthur Clendening Thomas Smith Bert Cowick Ray Smith Carl Croson Zenas Spicer Dave Collins Wiley Stewart Earnest Collins Charles Tilton Walter Cetty H. J. Torrence Will Turnbull Kenneth Gordon Wallace Turnbull Verne Graham Earl Vincent Jno. Hanna Harold Watt Fred Hickman Earle Wells Roy Jamieson Robert White Roy Linn Harry Liggett Paul Warwick James McCov John Yost John McGeoch J. T. Young John Millen Rolland Boyd Charles Montieth Walter McMillan Ross Moore Lawrence Fulton

Wm. Moorhead

George McIntyre

John McAllister



Aletheorian.

Mayble Weakley

Grace Davidson

Belle Hamilton

Ethel Lowry

Grace Miller

Margaret Weed

Agnes Young

Margaret Robinson

Eva Spicer

Estella Kyle

Madge McLain

Elsie French

Ella Downie

Margaret Downie

Maude Powell

Vera Skewis

Lillian Hardy

Elizabeth Baldridge

Grace Lytle

Mary Weed

Agnes Baird

Janette Baird

Ethel Loftus Faye Lenhart

Sarah Caldwell

Agnes Parr

Anna Parr

Helen Lackey

Jennie Carr

Edna Rait

Ada Maskrey

Effile Smith Lois Buchanan

Ethel McCoy

Laura Moffett



Philadelphian.

J. Wallace Baird

Wallace Black

Henry Brown

Victor Bassarear

George Cunningham

Harland Duncan

Earl Elder

Bryce Ferguson

Dalton Galloway

Guy Hamilton

Sam Hamilton

Tom Hamilton

Frank Hill

William Hoyman

Ralph Kyle

Chas McConnell

Homer McKay

Karl Megchelson

Arch McCleary

Hugh McElroy

Arch Owen

Arthur Owen

Harry Overhulzer

Alfred Phillips

lames Picken

Joe Picken

Karl Pierson

Oscar Pierson

James Quay

Hugh Rhodes

John Robinson

Ralph Seifert

Lawrence Smith

Howard Sturgeon

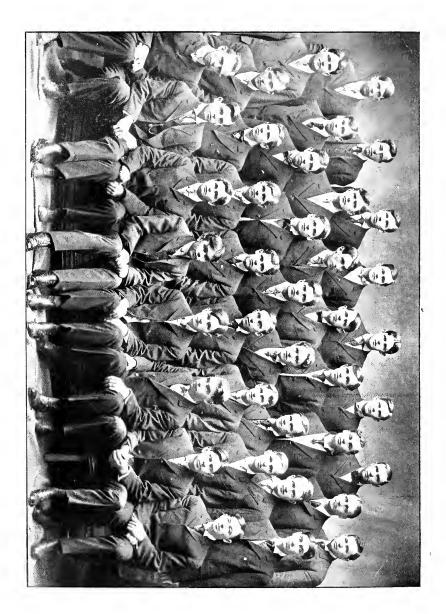
Ray Vance

Leamon Van

Don Wherry

Carl Whitesell

Danver Wisecup.



Philo-Eccritean Contestants.

DEBATORS.



MR. ARCH OWEN will represent Philadelphian Society as Debator. Mr Owen has marked ability along all lines of literary work and has represented his society on open meetings and contests. He is a member of the '07 Oracle staff and was for two years a member of the Philo-Eccritean Lecture Course Committee. Mr. Owen has been a faithful performer upon Philo'a platform.

MR. CARL CROSON, Eccritean Debator, has won his place as contestant by hard and consistent work on the society platform. Mr. Croson was on the team that represented the College in the annual debate with Coe in 1906, and was on the Eccritean team in the McKee-Nevin debate last fall. Mr. Croson is the retiting President of the Oratorical Association.



Orators.



MR. SHELLAR PEACOCK, Eccritean's orator needs no introduction as a public speaker. Last fall he represented Monmouth on the Inter-collegiate Oratorical platform. Mr. Peacock was editor of the '07 Ravelings, and held the position of football manager for the last two years. He is a member of the graduating class and has taken a prominent place in all college affairs.

MR. FRANK HILL, Philadelphian's orator, is from Newton, Iowa. Mr. Hill, as well as being an excellent student, is also an athlete, having been on our football and track teams for the last two years. He is one of the managers of the '07 Qracle. Mr, Hill graduates this year and his absence will be felt on Philadelphian platform.



Essayists.



MR. THOMAS HAMILTON, Philadelphian's essayist, is a resident of Monmouth, and although quiet and unassuming is a literary man of no mean ability. Mr. Hamilton was a member of the Philo-Eccritean Lecture Course Committee this year, and last year won first prize in the Wade Biographical contest. He is also a student of our Conservatory of Music.

MR. JOHN MILLEN will represent Eccritean as essayist Mr. Millen is a man of strong, moral character and personal magnetism. He entered Monmouth in his Junior year having come from Occidental College, Mr. Millen is the retiring President of the College Y. M. C. A. He was a member of our '06 football and track teams, and this year is the manager of the track team.



Declaimers.



MR. JOHN McALLISTER, Eccritean declaimer, is a man of marked ability in public speaking. In Society he w n first place in Freshman Declamation contest, and this year was a member of the successful debating team in the Knox-Monmouth Sophomore Debate. Mr. McAllister has two more years in College and will certainly do good work on the platform, both for Eccritean and the College.

Mr. JOHN ROBINSON, Philadelphian Declaimer, has won his place on the contest team by hard work. He has proven his ability as a declaimer and public speaker, in open meetings and with the Ladies' Quartet. Mr. Robinson has been on our champion football eam for the last two years,



Oratorical Association.

OFFICERS.

President ·	•	٠			٠	 Earl Elder
Vice-President						Pobert Bryson
Secretary and Ti	easurer					John McAllister



Mr. Alfred Phillips will represent Monmouth College in the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest of Illinois the coming year, having won the place in a preliminary contest between the Literary societies. Mr. Phillips is a graduate of Waitsburg Academy '04 and the winner of the Philadelphian declamation contest in '05. Last year he represented his society as Essayist in the Philo-Eccritean Contest. Since entering College, Mr. Phillips has been doing consistent work on the society platform and his appearance upon the platform is always a pleasure and a profit to those who hear him.



MR. SHELLAR PEACOCK represented Monmouth College at the Inter-Colegiate Contest held last fall at Eureka, Illinois. Mr. Peacock is an orator of great ability and a man of strong personality and holds the closest attention of his audience.

We were proud of our orator and no matter what was the result of the contest we all felt that Monmouth College had been nobly represented.

Mr. Peacock has represented Monmouth not only in literary contests but also in athletic contests. In appearing for our college in literary contests he has always upheld and strengthened the high standard for which Monmouth College has a reputation.

The winner of the Inter-Collegiate Contest represents the State of Illinois upon the Inter-State Oratorical platform and Monmouth College ranks among the highest both n the Inter-Collegiate and the Inter-State Associations. By winning first place, John Ross in 1884 and C. F. Wishart in 1894 conferred upon Monmouth College and the State of Illinois the highest honor attainable in the literary world.

A. C. Douglas, class of '90 and Fred Ellior's class of '96 won second place on the Inter-State platform. J. S. Erskine class of '81 and Neal McClanahan class of '05 have also represented Illinois in the Inter-State Contest. When we take into consideration that the orators upon the Inter-State Contest represent ninety colleges and twenty-five to thirty thousand students we have some idea of the honor attained by those representing their College and State upon this contest. We are proud of the position that Monmouth College holds in this Association and we feel certain that the students in the coming years will not only uphold the honor of Monmouth College but will place her still higher in the rank among the Colleges and Universities represented both in the Inter-Collegiate and the Inter-State Associations.

Monmouth-Coe Debate.

ONMOUTH won the third and last in the series of debates with Coc College. It was held in the College Auditorium March 8th. The question debated upon was: Resolved "That the adoption of a General Income Tax, to be levied by the U. S. Government, would be for the Best Interests of the Nation, it being Mutually Conceded That Such

Tax Would be Constitutional."

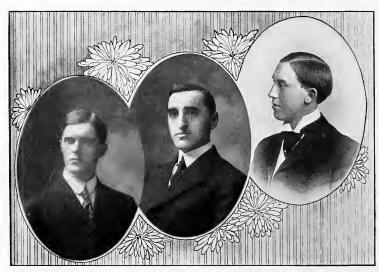
Coe upheld the affirmative. The men represent

Coe upheld the affirmative. The men representing Coe were Walter Baker, R, R. Williamson and Harold S. Thomas Monmouth's debaters, having won their places in a preliminary debate between the Literary societies, were Walter Getty. James Picken and Wallace Black.

The Coe debaters upheld their side of the question almost entirely from a theoretical standpoint. They supported their arguments well and had their usual strong and vigorous debate. On the other hand Monmouth's debaters outclassed their opponents in every sense of the word. They had mastered the question in every detail and attacked it from the practical standpoint. Our debaters had put a great deal of hard work upon the question and their unrefutable arguments showed it.

Both teams put up a manificent contest and the decision went to Monmouth simply because they were the superior team in every way.

The judges of the debate were E. A. Wilcox of Iowa University, President F. L. Sigmund of Carthage College and Clarence W. Wassau of Iowa University.



Monmouth-Knox Sophomore Debate.



HE MONMOUTH-KNOX Sophomore Debate, held in the local auditorium April 26, resulted in a victory for Monmouth. The question debated was: "Fesolved, That the Best Solution of the Cuban Problem is Annexation by the United States," The men representing Monmouth

were John McAllister, John Hanna and Robert Clarke. They supported the affirmative, Knox's debators were Harris Pillsbury, Clifford Ewart and Warren Crouch. The Sophomores of the two institutions were evenly matched, and it was with no lack of preparation that the two reams entered the field.

The Knox representatives proved themselves to be both experienced and natural debaters.

Our debaters are to be commended upon their energetic and enthusiastic method of handling the debate. They are three men who know how to work hard; their arguments showed that they spared no efforts in conducting a thorough original inve tigation of the question.

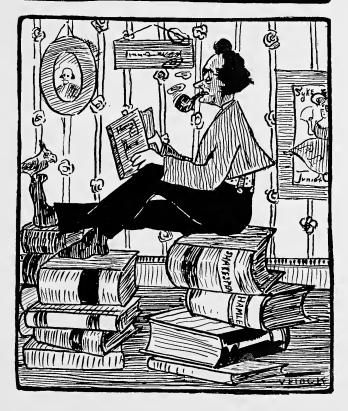
The judges were J. M. Adell of Kewanee, Rev. H. M. Bloomer of Roseville, and Prof. H. M. Gage of Parsons College Prof. Gage cast his decision for the negative.

Monmouth is proud of the quality of debate put up by her Sophomore debaters, and she sees that her debate banner will be held higher than ever in the years to come.





LITERARY



"The Awakening."

I arose, the dawn was clear and chill, So still, that I could hear the hunter's horn far up the hill And then the Chanticleer with !usty will Proclaimed the day; The sun with royal pomp resumed his sway: He filled each cloud with heavenly light And made the sombre shroud of night His royal robe: Each hill of clay He touched with golden ray, and lo' A mound of gold: Like some great master mind among men Will touch a human clod and then-Behold a gem; On every dewy pen and field A sea of diamonds lay revealed I call them mine, let rich folks claim The flinty crystals for oft with shame Gain they their wealth in honors name. The world with joyous song does now arouse The lark and thrush join a wild carouse, The dove-bu I must go and milk the cows

Action and Life.

This is the age of electricity, but in spite of all their electrical experiments and applications, the scientists are yet unable to answer the question, what is electricity? We see its wonderful phenomena in nature and we see it harnessed by man's ingenuity; but we know it only by the effects of its power. So from generation to generation, men, stirred by the incessant life, within and without, have asked in vain what is life? We see it manifested everywhere, but we know it simply by its activity. Biologists have failed to point out in Amoeba that transcendental quality called life; chemists have analyzed protoplasm and learned its components but are unable to form it by combination of elements. We are able to distinguish life only by its action.

Emerson declares that nature is the sublime teacher of man. What then does nature, which is itself life, teach concerning this mystery? We rise on a beautiful spring morning and behold in wonder, a tree sprouting forth green buds. How is this brought about and what is the differense between the sprouting tree and a dead one which is near by? There is in the first tree ceaseless action, and necessary nourishments are

taken from the earth and the air by its roots and leaves. The other stands in inaction. Biologists tell us that the sightless cave-fishes have, by constant exercise, developed a keen sense of touch. We have learned that without the continuous actions of hearts, lungs and other involuntary organs, our physical body can not survive, and, also, that disease is just as fatal to our voluntary organs as abuse. An athelete in training for a great contest, strenghtens himself, not by repose, but by various exertions of his physical force. Life is the source of action and action is essential for the maintenance and fullfilment of life.

But what is the purpose of such requirement and what is its result? The question is fully answered in the great law of nature, the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. The struggle for existence calls forth every capacity of the living thing and develops it to its highest efficiency, while the competitions of life will do away with those individuals and species unfit for life, until all are good. The whole creation is striving toward the perfection of life, and this can be attained only through the activities of life.

What is true of nature and of our physical body is also true of our inner life. God has placed within us souls, created in his own image and endowed with unlimited possibilities. Soul is the source of mental and spiritual action and exercise is essential for its life and growth. We see a child, learning from his teacher and from his own experience, with every bit of his little mind in action. We see him grow and grow, and become capable of receiving greater truths until, to his delight and enthusiasm, he begins to make his own discoveries. What is the secret of his wonderful growth? It is action; his mind abeen clear and uninterfered with for free action. But unfortunately, at this point, man after man ceases to grow. Frightened by the formidable appearance of the law of struggle for existence, he fails to see the spirit which lies beneath. He is now troubled by various trivialities of material of life, his mind is filled with petty anxieties for his physical necessities, and his soul is given no room for action. He has become indifferent, nay even worse, he has become unconscious of his higher nature and directs his energy for the satisfaction of his bodily wants. He is no longer superior to beasts, for do they not strive to do as much? His soul must pay the penalty for inaction; he, the animal exists; but he, the divine, ceases to grow and begins to die.

Moreover according to Psychologists, the physical life is dependent upon mind. They tell us that when a man declares his works done and his best days past, and retires from active life. he has taken a long step toward death. What a wonderful truth and what an awful warning against inaction! Many men. seeking repose, have retired from the activities of life to have their desires granted beyond their wish. Nature was aware of the termination of their usefulness and welcomed them into the eternal rest. Further, history supports this truth. In the past, nation after nation attained greatness, flourished, and then fell. To be sure they lived their own age and contributed much to humanity, but what was the cause of their fall? Nations have risen with the mental and spiritual growth of their people, but fell into ruin when their people, unmindful of their higher nature, permitted their souls to fall into desuetude. Else what would have preve sted them from maintaining their greatness forever?

What a wonderful being is a man with a healthy and active soul! He is not only a citizen of a great nation, but is also a member of God's kingdom! He sees in nature and her mighty laws the great truths of God. For him the curtains of heaven are parted one by one and he receives clearer vision of God. His growth is indeed infinite. Life is action and action is life. Without the one the other can not exist; combined, they are irresistable power. As electricity with its force directed wisely is the great agent of material civilization, so life with its activities directed toward God is the hope and salvation of man.

TAKASHI KOMATSU.

Tom Jones "M."



OM JONES was unpopular. If there is one thing above all else that usually wins favor for a college man it is athletic prowess, all of which goes to show plainly that Jones must have been an especial cad, for he was an athelete of no little ability. When he had entered college two years previous, he had passed it around among the fellows that he expected to make quite a hit at Marvin, and the disappointing part of it to us was that he

really made good on all his boasts. At the end of his first year he had made the foot ball and base ball teams; had played "sub" on the basket ball team, and had done some work on the track. The next fall when school opened, he unhesitatingly told the fellows that he had come back to win four "M's" in one year; a feat which, he claimed, had been performed but once at Marvin, and that some ten years previous by his older brother. Was it any wonder that most of the fellows said they would rather see Marvin lose a game than to see Jones win one for her; because they knew that he was working for his own glory and not for his College?

When the dual meet with Knox came off in the Spring everybody seemed to have a double interest; first because that meet would decide the track championship of the State, and also, which was of no less importance in the minds of many, it was Jones' last chance to win a track "M" that year. He had lived up to his boast as far as foot ball, basket ball and base hall were concerned, but, so far, had failed to win a first in any track meet, which was the necessary requirement for an "M."

From the first of the meet things came our way, and we were soon put at ease as to who would be the Illinois track champions that year. When the meet was a little more than half over we had a lead that they could hardly have overcome had they won all the remaining points, and from that time the interest centered upon Jones and his chances for a first. He was entered in two events, the shot-put and pole-vault, but we wer'nt afraid of him in the pole-vault because Knox had a man who had been doing better than eleven feet all season, and Jones had never done over ten six in his life. As for the shot-put we wer'nt so sure. Tom was good, and the Knox fellows were rather expecting him to win it, so it was a surprise to both sides when the event finally went to Knox. We were happy. The meet was ours and, as we thought, Jones' only chance for an "M" was gone.

But it was not over yet, and shings to it an unexpected turn in the pole-vault. Belton—the Knox man—showed the pretitest form we had ever eeen at Marvin. He went over the bar at ten feet without an effort while Tom barely managed to scrape over. Then they put the bar up six inches and Belton took the first try, He started beautifully, took the vault and was poised in mid-air directly over the bar, when the pole broke and he fell eleven feet to the ground below, lighting on his shoulder. Of course he knocked the bar off on his way down and, although he had been a good six inches above it, the vault didn't count. We ran to him and helped him to his feet and we could see from the way that his arm hung that his collar bone was broken. We wrapped him up in our blankets and sent him to the hospital, and it was then that the unexpected happened. When the excitement was over, the clerk called Tom for his next try and he refused to vault. He said that the meet was ours anyway, and he'd be darned if he could take the event from a fellow who could vault like

that, just because he had happened to meet with a little hard luck. At first we thought he was playing to the grandstand; we had often seen him get hurt in foot ball under rather suspicious circumstances, —then we remembered what it would mean to him, and how badly he really wanted first.

That night we had the biggest celebration ever. We used all the empty boxes in Marvin and had a bonfire that cracked all the bricks in the pavement out in front of the campus and blocked the traffic on Broadway for the best part of the night, During the fun we collected all the track men we could find and brought them to the fire for speeches. Jones was usually present on such occasions without special urging or invitation, but that night he was not out and we noticed it, and I think everybody appreciated it; I know they did, for on our way down town after it was all over, we passed his room, and one of the fellows started the shout—"What's the matter with Jones." From the way every man there took up that shout you could never have guessed that it was the first time any of us had ever given a cheer for Tommie Jones.



From '07.

Tribute after tribute has been paid to Monmouth College.

It seems that we can find nothing new to say.

What means can we employ to gracefully acknowledge

Our love for her? How best our heartfelt homage pay?

All the things our throbbing hearts prompt us now to say,

Have been said by those before, there's left not anything.

We give too the praise they gave, and wonder if we may

Dare to write a college hymn, and thus her praises sing.

TUNE—SOLOMON LEVI.

My name is Monmouth College,
My home on East Broadway,
That's where the boys and girls all come
To work as well as play.

I turn out men and women here
The best that's in the land,
To show my friends I do not fear,
For they the test will stand.

Our bovs, they are the very best
That ever played foot ball,
Our girls can pass most any test,
And never flunk at all.
We take the cake in oration also in debate,
We claim beyond dispute to be
The best school in the state.

Oh Monmouth, etc.

Sing ye students, loud and long, the college we adore,

May victory's flag, Monmouth dear, ever float above you:

May all your sons and daughters too for many ages more,

Pay this tribute to your name;—"We all, yes all, do love you."

The Angel Mission of an Earth-Child



UT OF DOORS, the dull, gray sky and the heavy air heralded coming snow. In the big stone house on the avenue reigned silence, the strained, tense, sorrowful silence which presages death. On her window seat in the luxurious hall, her cheek pressed against the cold glass, and serious blue eyes gazing into the monotonous gray of the clouds, knelt a child. Happily regardless of his small mistress' unusual silence, a tiny white kitten camped at her side among the cushions, until the child impulsively

clasped him tight in loving little arms.

"Sh—, kitty!" she reproved gently. "'Ou mustn't play, Tot's pretty mamma is so awful sick, and we can't play when Aunty looks so sorry all the time and says "Poor Tot," can we kitty?" And kitty looked up wonderingly as if he almost understood.

At the other end of the hall, a door opened and closed softly. Neither of the anxious-faced women coming toward her noticed the little figure huddled in the corner, although they passed so close that she could hear distinctly every word of their murmured conversation.

"The doctor can't come today, Miss Lyda,", the white-capped nurse was saying gently.

"Can't come! Oh, why?" Miss Lyda's voice trembled with anxiety.

"He was called to Clyde first. I got a letter from him this morning, following a telegram I received in the night. He can't put off the other case. He will not even be persuaded to stop here for an hour on his way through Dexter.

"But what will it mean for Margaret?" intercepted Miss Lyda

"I dread telling you, dear, but you must know it. It means the loss of her last chance. Only God can save her now! There is not another physician in the state who can perform that delicate operation, and even if there were, and he could not do it today, the result would be the same. I am so very sorry for you—and for poor little Tot." Self-controlled as she was, her voice broke on the last words, and, as they passed on down the stairs, she turned away to hide the tears.

With a startled expression in her wide open blue eyes, Tot had listened eagerly to every word. With childish intuition, the baby realized the meaning of what she had heard, "Oh, Kitty," she sobbed, Tot's mamma's goin' to diel Oh, mamma—mamma—ou mustn't. There wouldn't be nobody there but just me and Aunty all alone! 'Ou mustn't! I won't let 'ou!"

Suddenly she straightened up. Quickly she slipped from her seat and put the kitten down among the cushions. There was a look of determination on the sweet, tear-stained baby face.

"Be dood till I come back, kitty." she whispered. "I's goin' to find God to get Him to make my mamma well. 'Ou heard nurse say He could, didn't 'ou? I 'spects maybe I can find Him pretty soon, 'cause mamma says He's right 'round us all the time. I won't be gone very long!"

No one saw a little figure in white cloak and fixed slip out the big front door a few moments later and hesitate just an instant before it turned down the avenue.

On and on trudged Tot with wide eyes scanning the pasters-by. More than one smiled into the serious little up-turned face and was unconsciously up-lifted by its purity and its sweetness. One hour—two

passed—still the baby searched for God. Big flakes of snow commenced to fall. Twilight was deepening Tot was so tired! How she wished Aunt Lyda had come; maybe big folks knew God better than little girls did! Harsh bells rang; shrill whistles blew; the crowd surged around and past her in a mad, mad rush, Suddenly, in a panic of weariness and fright, she stopped and drew a long, sobbing breath.

"Oh, I tan't find Him!" she said aloud, "And my mamma will--"

"What is the matter, little one?" a deep voice questioned, and a tall, strong man stopped in his hurried course down the street to bend gently over the sobbing child. "What is the matter? Are you lost?"

With a child's quick instinct, Tot slipped her cold little hand confidingly into the big warm one stretched out to receive it. "Has 'ou seen God today?" she queried, the big tears still standing in her eyes, though the sobbing had ceased. "I's got to get Him to make mamma well, or she'll die, nurse said. And I guess I is lost!"

There was a great tenderness in the big man's eyes as he answered, comfortingly. "Maybe I can help you find Him, childie. And maybe we can find your house, too. Don't you suppose so? But you must tell me your name, dear."

"Mamma calls me Tot," she explained, comforted already.

The tall man smiled. "Do you know where you live, Tot?"

"Twenty-free, Broadway, Mamma says," she answered, wondering.

"I think I'll take you home myself, girlie. They may be worried about you."

He picked Tot up and carried her easily on one arm, while in the other hand he carried a shiny black case about which Tot was longing to ask questions. In a moment they were in a carriage, rolling along the avenue, and Tot, her childish spirits soon recovered in the comfort of the strong man's presence, was telling him all about how sick her "pretty mamma" was, and how she had gone to get God to make her well. "Are 'ou God," she querried suddenly.

Then, with a bump, the hack stopped before the big man could answer. He caught up Tot and the shiny black case and stopped quickly to the ground. "Which house is yours, girlie?" he asked.

"Dis one," she answered simply.

Two women answered his ring at the door. One caught Tot thankfully to her heart and mumured swift questions and reproaches and endearments. The other exclaimed in amazement, "Doctor! How did you get here? Oh, this is a miracle!"

"Miss Rutlege!" exclaimed the man in amazement as great as her own. Then quickly regaining his composure, "Can it be possible that this is the home of the Mrs. Erskine concerning whom you wrote me?"

She nodded assent. "And I am still needed? Then I'll see her at once. The patient at Clyde died before I could get there. I'll explain later."

Nurse led the way up stairs saying softly as she went, "You are truly a Godsend, doctor. There is no time to lose!" Close behind followed Aunt Lyda still holding Tot close. "Precious baby," she mummered.

The door closed on the great doctor and the nurse. For a long hour Aunt Lyda sat on Tot's window-seat, waiting, praying, with the child asleep in her arms. Then the door opened again, and nurse same softly down the hall, the light of a great joy in her eyes. "She will live," she said simply. Tot stirred and half awoke "I did find God, didn't I Aunty?" she whispered sleepily.

"Yes, dearest. Aunty thinks you did; you have been a little Angel to bring God to us." And Aunt Lyda pressed a kiss of love and thankfulness on the sweet baby lips.

ELSIE M, FRENCH, '09.

"The Seasons."

Autumn days have come again, The saddest of the year, Squaw Winter and Indian Summer Fill us with good cheer: When the pumpkins all are gathered, And the corn is all in shock. And the sultry heat of summer Make us glad that it is not. Then I think of all the seasons, This is best of all the year. That Autumn days of all the days, Are best of all the year.

Then when the Winter days have come. So keen, so crisp, so clear, When the stars shine bright in Heaven, And the trees of leaves are bare, And then there comes Thanksgiving, Christmas, And New Years in a row, And all good times a-bringing, Which make our heats to glow; Then I think of all the seasons. That this is best by far. That Winter days of all the days, Are best of all the year.

When April days come on us, So full of smiles and tears, When the trees are fresh with blossoms. And there's violets in the wood, And the birds come back for Summer. As if they understood, Then I think of all the seasons, Spring is best of all the year; That Spring days are the days for me The days of all the year.

Then when Summer days have come, So sultry and so hot. When the fields are ripe with harvest. And the barn's full to the top. When the bees are busy humming, And all the world is gay, And the crickets in the meadow sing, Then I wish Summer would always stay; And I think of all the seasons, This is the best of all, That Summer days are the days, It's Summer after all." M.M.

P. Charles Vandyke Montmorency,

A FRESHMAN FROM BOSTON.



WEEK AFTER the hurly burly of registration, the Sophomores organized, elected Kenton president, and began to look around for a choice bit of that plentiful article, the unhazed freshman. It was not strange that P Charles Vandyke Montmorency should attract attention. Breton College was a western institution, and Montmorency came from Boston bringing with him, along with his name, all those idiosyncracies so peculiarly associated with that much-scored city. The Sophomores might have put

up with the bulbous head, the philosophical frown, and the golden rimmed eye glasses, but the broadened "r's" capped the climax. It sounded like affectation and affertation is the downfall of any freshman.

One afternoon the Doctor left the city. In the natural sequence of things Montmorency was nabbed that very night. It was all done on the quiet; the Sophomore boys and a few juniors and seniors were all that knew. Kenston with two or three picked men caught the astonished Montmorency in his room, carried him across the campus, pitched him in a buggy then drove rapidly southward. The rest of the boys quietly separated and followed in the same direction. There was plenty of fun ahead, for Kenston superintended the affair.

The big Sophomore had acquired a reputation for ingenuity in stunts of this kind and his name was a constant terror to all unsophisticated freshmen. His methods were simple: he adopted each stunt to fit best each individual. In some way or other he had heard that the new Bostonian was superstitious, so superstitious in fact that the mere mention of ghosts or spooks generated cold shivers that radiated up and down the poor freshman's spinal column. On this failing Kenston determined to play.

A short distance from Breton city limits a lone narrow lane unfrequented and choked with a heavy growth of weeds, branches off from the main road, runs for about half a mile through a dismal bit of uncultivated land and stops in front of what is known as the old Wilkinson Place. This is nothing but an old two-story frame structure, half torn down and rotting from the combined effect of wind and rain, set well back among a grove of tall, dark, foreboding pines and half hidden by a yard full of weeds, tangled brush and decaying wood. The spot is reputed to be haunted by its former owner, old man Wilkinson, dead these twenty years - foully done away with as intimated by some of the older Breton inhabitants consequently the place is let well enough alone, even by its heirs who remain in a long standing legal deadlock over the will.

The buggy containing Montmorency stopped at the semblance of a path which led into the dark interior. For a moment even Kenston and his hand hesitated at the gloomy aspect of the place, but emboldened by numbers, they seized Montmorency and half carried him through the confused mass of brush and vegetation until they reached a rotten door hanging by one hinge. Kenston pushed on it and the rusty hinge shrieked. The crowd stood aghast. The interior was black except for a few weak rays of straggling moonlight which entered through the broken window panes. One of the boys lit a match. A bat, disturbed, hit his hand and

the tiny flame dropped. "Good heavens" yelled the frightened Sophomore and the sound of a shout in that vacant tomb like house unnerved the others. A second match lighted, the quartet crept cautiously up a swaying stairway. Kenston led the way into a large room, and saw the captive securely bound. Not a word was spoken, not even by Montmorency who only grew pale, trembled, and clinched his jaws as he foresaw his fate. Kenston now spoke a few terse words—that they niended to leave him here, leave him until a cure was effected; that it was a custom, college generations old, to doctor fresh freshmen thus; etc,—then the Sophomores beat a hasty retrear, nor did they breathe easier until they joined their class-mates who by this time were collected and waiting in the lane. The Sophomore president now proposed the class take a rest on a neighboring hay stack to await expected events.

About one o'clock in the morning one of the boys on the hay stack yawned, stretched, shivered and opened his eyes. A moment later he sat up quickly and vigorously rubbed them. Then he kicked his companions awake.

"Look fellows, to the south. It's all red; somethings burning over there. Say, "and he sickened as he said it" its mighty near the old Wilkinson Place,"

Kenston gave one glance, slid down the hay stack and started on a wild run toward the light. One look had told him all; he knew it **rus** the old Wilkinson place. A sickening thought deepened as he ran. "Where was Montmorency? Where was Montmorency?"

A few more minutes the building burst into view. Any hope Kenston might have cherished fled as he viewed it. The old frame structure was a mass of flames from top to bottom. Long greedy tongues of fire licked viciously at the darkened heavens above. A slight gust of wind now and then, as if in defiance, seized them and fanned them on some tall pine which readily caught, crackled a few moments, then went out leaving dark and omnious shadows where before had bean the bright wild glare of flame. The dry brush near the fire blazed up, and creeping slowly to the green weeds, died out, shriveling and scorching them.

Kenston and those who had come up stood petrified at the scene. Where was Montmorency? Their pale faces reflected this thought and the roaring mass of flery timbers beat it into their ears. "Holley," said Kenston after the roof fell in with one grand blaze," you and Hardin and Smith and Reeves run back to Breton. Jenkins and Cole, you'd better go too. See if you can find Montmorency. If you can't, say nothing—the fire may have been unnoticed from the city—but get a lot of ropes, axes and hooks. If Montmorency isn't in Breton he's here. If he's here, we'll find him in these flames, and if we find him, I'll give myself up as soon as we get back. Now hurry.

The flames were gradually dying out, and the building smouldering in places when the boys returned. Montmorency was not to be found. The fire was not seen from Breton—at least no one was up and inquiring. At five o'clock the boys with heavy hearts started a search in which they hoped to make no find. Kenston, perhaps felt it more keenly than the rest. With blackened face, scorched hands and torn clothes he tirelessly kept up the quest. He made the first find—a half burnt dress shoe under a heavy beam. A short while after Holley discovered a heap of charred human bones. Kenston covered his face with his hands. "We've burned him alive" he said tersely. "Those lighted matches did the work. We've done all we can. "Come." A solemn body of Sophomores marched into Breton that day.

Hardin, Jack, Jenkins and Holley were placed in one cell in the police station. Telegrams were sent home, telegrams received. Through the walls the four could hear the officers discussing the excitement of the village, the effect of the news upon the faculty and the bringing home of the remains of poor Montmorency. "It's rumored" exclaimed one of the officers "as how them bones had wires strung through 'em. Now I don't know how they grow in Boston, but here—"

But the officer was interrupted. A door clicked, opened, and in walked P. Charles Vandyke Montmorency!

Hardin and Jenkins collapsed, Holley clutched the arm of Kenston who alone remained motionless, rigid, with wide staring eyes.

He paused for a few moments, eyed the four, then cooty removed his eye glasses and wiped them with a spotless handkerchief. Replacing his glasses he drew from his inside coat pocket an important looking document and without a word handed it to Kenston. The Sophomore president grasped it weakly, unfolded it, and with the others now looking over his shoulders, read as follows:

Mr. P. Charles Vandyke Montmorency, freshman, being now at liberty to prosecute certain members of the Sophomore class of '07 of Breton College, for playing dangerous practical jokes, does hereby relinquish such freedom, providing first, said Sophomore class buy a sufficient quantity of salve and court plaster to heal one long gash on the arm of said P. Charles Vandyke Montmorency, caused by a bit of broken window pane, which latter may often be used for cutting ropes as well as for other purposes; second, present said Breton College with one new skeleton which when properly wired shall be placed in the same spot the old one formerly occupied; third, pay all damages connected with the burning of one old frame structure known commonly as the old Wilkinson Flace and no annoying questions asked as to cause of fire; fourth, present said P, Charles Vandyke Montmorency, with one pair of dress shoes; fifth and lastly, agree to cease all hostilities with the aforesaid Montmorency who, so long as he is a gentleman and inoffensive to his college mates, may speak the English tongue with any pronounciation he may see fit to give it.

Kenston finished. Hardin looked at Jack, Jack looked at Jenkins and all three looked at Kenston. The big Sophomore president grinned from car to ear then held out a hearty hand to the freshman. "Montmorency" he said, "you're the first freshmen that's ever outwitted us. You've got brains enough to be a Sophomore!"

FRED. HICKMAN, '09.

A New Adventure of Robin Hood.



T WAS EVENING. The lengthening shadows crept thro' the mighty forest of beach and oak as the mellow haze rose languidly from the warm, moist earth, and hanging motionless in the air traced the valleys and lakes.

Hither I had come to rest and to heal a grevious wound which I had received in the Crusade. But the quiet of the forest so charmed me that I hoped to spend the remainder of my days here. I had built me a little hut of boughs and hay and had

set before my door a huge rough cross that all pilgrims might find refuge.

One night after eating my frugal repast, I drew a bench without the door and prepared to enjoy the splendor of the long summer evening. Then bethinking me of my vesper bell I arose and rung it with a good will. I listened to each deep tone echo, and die away—then laid down on my bench, trusting it would be a guiding signal to some weary traveler in need.

For many weeks I had dwelt in my solitude content. I would lie for long hours on the soft turf and with hands clapsed behind my head would watch the clouds float idly by. But as the days came and passed my wound rapidly healed and I became a well man. The quickening of life within me made me restless, and I began to question the good of the life I was leading

My loneliness deepened and I welcomed the break in my solitude when one day a peasant stumbled upon my hut and begged of me drink. Before I realized it he had drawn from me much of my past. I told him of my great love for my Lady Eva; of the plans for our marriage, and the bitterness of the loss when on returning from the Crusade I had learned she had given her hand to another; and how I had resolved to take upon myself Holy Vow.. My guest on leaving said that he was journeying toward London and on his arrival would make inquiries concerning the fate of my sweetheart.

Next morning I discovered over my door, the sign of the Cross made with arrows and I knew that my visitor of the night before was one of Robin Hood's men, who, because I had befriended him had left their sign of protection and good will. Although I never saw any of the Merry Men, I knew they were often in this part of the forest. For now and again I found a flagon of choice wine, and once I discovered an elaborately worked prelate's robe. I hesitated to wear it but I knew I would give offense if I did not so donned it and discarded my sorry looking hermits' cloak.

This summer night as I lay on my bench thinking of my past, gazing up into the bright, silent stars and listening to the coo of the doves and the call of the crickets, I fell asleep. I was awakened suddenly by a rude hand laid on my shoulder. The moon had risen and by its light I saw the intruder was a courtier of some nobleman. His doublet and hose were of the finest of satin and his waistcoat was of purple velvet trimmed in the most costly lace. On my arising he perceived my robe and drawing back dropped on one knee to the ground.

"Holy Father" he cried, "our party is in sore distress and the hearing your bell. I came in search of aid."
"My son, tell me of thy plight, mayhaps I can be of service to you," "I fear not," he replied, "My

Lady and her Lord and their retinue were journeying to my lord's castle to the celebration of their wedding when we became lost. On reaching an open spot among the trees we spread our cloth and prepared our meal. I left in search of fire wood, and on returning found the place in confusion. The men and the women were being bound and carried into the forest. The horses had been unloosed from the coaches and led off. I feared for the safety of my Lady and ran among the trees softly calling her. When suddenly, to my relief, I saw the silken curtain of one of the coaches lifted and her hand beckon to me. When I found that my mistress was safe I started to find help to take her to the castle."

I offered them the shelter of my hut and the courtier left me to bring his mistress. When they arrived I looked with interest at the lady but could not see her face nor figure, for she was enveloped in a long, loose coat with a hood and veil, Her vivacious manner, however, seemed vaguely familiar and contradicted the servant's statement that she was fatigued. I set before her food and drink, and would have engaged her in conversation but she pleaded weariness and we left her to rest.

Suddenly the stillness of the night was disturbed by the tramp of horses and the calls of men. As the band drew up before my door, instead of the outlaws I had expected, I saw a troop of armed men.

"Soldiers from the castle," whispered my companion. Their leader rode up and accosted me.

'Sir we have been informed that you have this night attacked and carried captive, one Lady Evelyn Keith, her affianced husband, and their retinue. You are therefore, in the king's name, declared a prisoner, and if unable to account for the missing men, shall now pay the forfeit with your life.

Taken by surprise by this accusation, I turned, for a contradiction of his words, to my companion. To my utter astonishment he had disappeared. I stood staring stupidly, and in a second they were upon me and had me bound hand and foot. In the midst of the excitement Lady Evelyn appeared in the door of my hut. The leader stepped forward and with a gallant bow said.

"I congratulate you madam in being of such able assistance in capturing the famous outlaw and adventurer, Robin Hood. We knew he could be entrapped through your charms."

Whereupon I knew I had been tricked, and by a woman!

"But gentlemen, I protested, I am not Sir Robin, observe my robe, I am but a wounded pilgrim returning from the Crusade."

"His robe, yes" they broke in. "We think it is strangely familiar" said one as he dragged me forth into the light of the moon. "Yea, in truth it is the very one he stole from the Abbe Frank but three weeks ago". Now one of the men came from the hut, his arms full of armour and swords. "This harness well befits the hermit's life," he cried, throwing them in front of me. Before such proof as this, I saw further denial would be useless. So I calmed myself and waited

After some deliberation they decided on the manner of my punishment. I was gagged, securely bound, and carried away through the forest, until we came to a small knoll of ground free from trees and shrubs except for one gigantic oak at the top. The moon was fast waning and the men were in haste. They led me to the top of the hill and with much ceremony threw a rope with a noose, in the end of it over one of the lower limbs of the tree. The noose was placed about my neck.

The leader of the band commanded Lady Evelyn to give me the last words of comfort. She stepped \sim 150 \sim

forward and as she did so the wind blew the veil from her face and I saw—Oh! Holy Mother!—my own Lady Eva. I would have fallen forward in a swoon had not one of the soldiers brought me to my senses by a sharp prod with his pyke. If I could but make her recognize me! I tried all my little tricks of facial expression and manerisms but in the darkness they passed unnoticed. The leader commanded me to be shrived. Whereupon a black robed priest stepped forth and raised his hands in prayer. Lady Eva laid her hand on mine. I noticed that it was cold and that it trembled and that her whole body seemed aquiver with excitement.

I remembered my past wrongs, and the ruin she was now bringing me through her cruelty—though unknowingly, and would have shrunk away from her but for the ever ready pyke of the soldier. My brain was in a turmoil and I paid no head to the prayer of the priest. Until I heard the words, "and do you now take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?" I was so taken aback that I made no reply and he hastened on through the wedding service. I felt a golden circlet thrust into my hand; but still stood dazed, while I allowed one to take my fingers and place it on my Lady's hand.

Then suddenly I felt my bands cut and heard a tremendons shout from the men as they crowded round, while their leader, advancing, with a courtly sweep of his hat cried:

"Behold your very good friends, Sir Fobin Hood and his Merry Men.

The night was far spent when Lady Eva and I were seated in the coach, with our train of courtiers about us, bound for London. As we journeyed, she told me how one day a peasant from the country had come to her door and left a missive which told her of my whereabouts and how, though I believed her false, I yet loved her. The letter also contained the plans which had been carried out that night, and was signed "Robin Hood."

She had begged him to be more lenient with me but he had insisted that 1 be put to the test.

"But your fiancee?" I asked.

"He was but the invention of gossips" she answered.

"And the lost bridegroom." I insisted, half doubting.

"He was but part of Sir Robin's plan," she laughed.

The Development of Personality

IN ENGLISH FREE THOUGHT.



EBRUARY 19, 1377, is a dramatic date in the life and work of one whose influence was destined to revolutionize the social and religious conditions of the world. In the lady's chapel of the great Cathedral of St. Paul, behind the altar, sit the assembled bishops of the mighty church of Rome. Down that long and crowded aisle, comes a small body of men. In front strides one in royal livery—the King's Marshall; in the rear are four whose garb betrays them as representatives of Oxford's four monastic

orders; in the center of the group moves a young man, his flashing eye and steady stride characterizing one of strong purpose and keen discernment; by his side walks John of Gaunt, the foremost prince of his day. Edging its way through the crowd, the little band stands before the papal court. Between these two companies there is war, for today the Roman Church sits in judgment on the young scholar who had dared oppose its practices. But he answers not for himself. With all the learning and logic of Oxford the friars defend his doctrines, with all the power of a sovereign the Duke supports his friend; but ere the trial is over the London populace rush in and bear the accused away to safety. Thus begun and thus ended the first trial of a young doctor from Oxford, John Wyclif, the only man of his age who saw the needs of the present and the possibilities of the future. The only man whom Edward the Third could trust to answer the Pope's reprimand condemning him for taxing the lands of the clergy, hitherto untouched by secular power.

Thus was introduced into the arena of political and religious strife of the fourteenth century, a master of circumstances and a leader in thought, in an age when every avenue of progress was closed to the common people. The nobles had made illegal the receiving or paying of higher wages, and when laborers were few, decreed that sons and grandsons of freedmen could be compelled to serve the family to which his ancestors had belonged. The King seized and appropriated as his own, the property of the people, while crime and debauchery ran riot within the very walls of the Church. Harder and harder the Pope oppressed the nation by demands of first fruits and annates: forced the people by direct taxation, and robbed the superstitious by sales of pardons and indulgences

In the hearts of the people the gloom of despair grew hourly more intense. Possibilities of human life meant nothing to them, submerged in ignorance, bathed in superstition, and crushed by burdens of taxation: while the hierarchies of church and state, reveling in luxury, reposed self-satisfied and intrenched within the false but never questioned conceptions of vested rights

In spite of the ignorance and depravity of the masses, Wyclif conceived the dignity of man, believing that his progressive development resided in his mind and its freedom to think. He believed that opportunity was an inherent right of mankind and that the great mass of men loved darkness only because no one had the courage and truth to lead them to the light. With such a conception of mankind this apostle to the poor began his work as a reformer of the discipline and political relations of the courch. He taught that the wealth hoard-

ed by the religious orders should be retur .ed to those from whom it had been received, this developing his doctrine of disendowment. The State and King rejoiced.

Passing from church to church, from city to country, he proclaimed this doctrine which men loved to think yet were afraid to express. In his tracts published in both English and Latin, he stated, among other things, that an ordinary priest had power to administer any of the sacramrnts a number of which the church reserved to bishops only. Thus did Wyclif foreshadow modern Presbyterianism.

During this time he was busy defending his position by scripture and logic. "If it is true," he argued "that whatever the Pope pretends to bind or lose is really bound or losed, how does the world stand? For then if the Pope pretends that he binds, by pain of e ernal damnation, whoever resists him in acquisition of goods movable or immovable, that man is bound, and consequently it will be very easy for the Pope to acquire all the kingdoms of the earth."

Thoroughly aroused by his great influence, the Pope issued orders for Wyclif's arrest, but no sooner had the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford heeded the orders than he himself was imprisoned for holding an English subject at the order of the Pope. Henceforth there could be no question of the nullity of the Pope's inquisitorial powers in England. Thus was diverted not only a name but a terrible and active instrument of evil. It had destroyed the numerous and formidable revolutions of European intellect and was even then engaged in its work of blood and cruelty among the Waldenses. With this one solid gain Wyclif's year of triumph ended.

When Wyclif advanced from criticism of papal actions to denunciation of papal power, the friars felt their position in England attacked by the most formidable antagenist that Oxford, yea, that Europe could produce. He deprecated the employment of tonsure clerks in governmental departments and houses of business. He asserted the superiority of an active over a devotional life, and in 1380 declared that nothing was more hortible to him than the idea that every celebrating priest made the body of Christ. He had thus denied the doctrine of transubstantiation, a fundamental principle of papal power. The government and people held back. Wyclif stood alone.

The division of the church at the time of the great schism changed Wyclif from a critic to a declared opponent of Papacy. "If there can be two Popes," he argued, "why can there not be a hundred?" The base means and strategy employed to secure the election to the papal chair led Wyclif to make this statement: "The Pope owes his appointment to the father of evils, his office is poisonous, the prelates are changed into wolves, their captain a fiend in his life and antichrist in his work."

Clearly grasping the necessity for the emancipation of the lay conscience and intellect, he declared that in ordering compulsory confession, "Antichrist hath cast to make all men subject to the Pope and led them after that him liketh. Lord, where is freedom of Christ? Christ made his servants free but antichrist hath made them bond again."

Having spent his last years in translating the Bible into colloquial English, he left as a parting message to the world, "A priest ought sooner to omit matins and vespers than the preaching of the word of God." His life work was great, his influence greater. His followers retained his great principle of free thought. Their great merit was that they appealed from Latin reading classes to the English speaking public, from thoughtless learning to common sense.

Persecution soon sprang up on every hand, and one by one his staunchest supporters, accused of heresyrecanted before a tribunal of priestly power,

The Age of Wyclif is over, the first generation of Lollards has passed away and another, born of the faith of the old, inspired by the lives of its leaders, strenghtened by its undying belief in man's right to think for himself, has produced those whom no threat could daunt, no torture silence. Martyr after Martyr died at the stake, and John Badby, a tailor of Evesham, confronted the whole majesty of church and state. He was led to a pile of fagots before which Prince Henry pleaded with him long and earnestly, making promises of life and wealth, if only he would recant, but to no avail. Henry could beat the French at Agincourt, but here, in this tailor, was something beyond his understanding and beyond his power, something before which kings and bishops would one day learn to bow—the man—the product of free-thought.

The principle in the mind of Wycliff, when first he answered the Pope at the King's request was a principle that today throbs in every human breast. He thought for himself and gave utterance to the doctrine that freedom of thought was man's inherent right, in an age when dogma and superstition reigned supreme, when learning was shrouded in mystery, when persecution held sway on every hand, when king and noble bowed to the papal sceptre. In such an age the emancipator of free-thought sowed the seed of truth, which, caught up as it were by the four winds, was carried to various parts of the globe. Crossing the channel it entered Bohemia, where Huss laid down his life in its defense. It fought in Germany the battle of Lutzen under Gustavus Adolphus, Re-acting on the island, it won, under Cromwell, Nasby and Marston Moor, was championed by Hampden and Pym in the halls of state. It penetrated into the hills and valleys of Scotland and made them ring with a message of freedom, without which men's liberties are insecure. It was carried across the waters by our Puritan forefathers, embodied in that most sacred of state documents-The American Constitution—and today man is born with these rights and privileges conceded to him; a principle which in those dark days Wyclif established by his determination and fearless devotion to the cause of liberty Wycliff struck the spark of a great principle, Huss kindled the coals and Luther brandished the lighted torch. Wherever today the public school and the free library open their treasures to the poor, there Wyclif's farsighted principle is justified. Wherever a government of the people holds sway and man meets man as brother, there Wyclif's democracy reigns. Wherever a single human soul struggles against ignorance and superstition, and, though baffled, still fights on, there the spirit of John Wyclif lives and triumphs.

The martyrs who bore the first brunt of that terrific combat may be lightly esteemed today, but those who still believe that liberty of thought has proven not a curse but a blessing to England and the world, will regard with thankfulness and pride the work which the speculations of Wyclif set on foot and the valor of his devoted successors accomplished.

So long as man shall continue to think for himself, so long as he shall continue to develop his mental state, so long as he shall insist on removing every obstruction between himself and his God, even until he shall see him face to race, so long will Wyclif's principle continue to develop man's personality.

CARL CROSON, '07.

A Serenade at the Dormitory.



ID YOU EVER hear anything that touches your heart like the sound of men's voices under your window on a moonlight night with guitar and mandolin strumming an accompaniment? Peggy and I used to just sit and weep every time the boys came over.

It was while we were in the "dorm" last year. Peggy was going with Billy King, and Jack Meredith and I usually had to go along to take care of them for Peggy

and Billy are so distressingly young that they are always getting into some mad scrape. I couldn't begin to tell you the times when Jack and I have saved them from the dire effects of their own folly.

Well, as I was saying, it was one night at the "dorm." Peggy and I were in the midst of our devotion when the soft, seductive strains of Billy's guitar came stealing gently through the stilly night. I heard Peggy wiggle and begin to whisper her prayers real fast, and I hurried up too, so she couldn't beat me. Well, we were both on our feet at the same time, and Peggy had the light out before I could find my bathrobe, so I grabbed the couch cover and Peggy snatched up the rug, and wrapped up so we'd look dark and could sit in the window.

Oh, it was just beautiful. The misty white moonlight lay over the earth like an ethereal mantle, and everything was so love'y it was almost painful to look at it. The double row of cherry rrees leading over to Alumnae Hall was in full bloom, and the cool night air was filled with their exquisite fragrance. Across from us, up on the hill, the old college loomed big and dark over the great trees that surround it. Through their branches gleamed the lights from the President's mansion and the Phi Gam house, and way down at the power house we could hear the soft chug; chug, chug of the engines.

Then down there under the cherry trees was Billy's guitar strumming away so softly and sweetly; pretty soon Jack's mandolin joined in with its delicate tremulo and Peggy began to hunt a handkerchief.

After a while Billy began to sing. Billy has a perfectly entrancing voice for serenading. It comes up to you so clear aod soft, like there had been a little rift in the sky and a bit of the music was leaking out of heaven. I don't believe the angel's voices will sound any sweeter than Billy's does when you give him the proper setting.

Well he sang "My Lady Love," "Over the Sea to My Sweetheart," "Juanita," "We Met in June," and some more like that until Peggy was sniffling audibly and unrestrainedly. Jack sang too whenever Billy would let him, but Billy knows his own voice and prefers to sing unaccompanied. Well after they'd sung all that, Peggy and I were ready to die for them if they had wanted us to.

"You go get the bon bons and pickles Tad," said Peggy. "I'll sit here so they won't think we're gone, and leave."

I brought the bon bon box and the pickle jar; also the basket with the rope tied to it.

"Hum!" said Peggy with a hungry little sniff. "I want a pickle and a chocolate before they go down.

Oh, Mercy me! Tad Bingham, did you eat all those chocolates! There's only four in the box!"

"No, Peggy Martin, I did not," I replied haughtily. "You ate them while you were reading "Helen's Wooing" this afternoon. You got so excited you didn't know what you were doing, and I hated to tell you, though it almost broke my heart to see them go that way. But never mind, there's pickles, No, you can't have one for there's only six left and that'll hardly be a smell for them as it is."

Peggy sighed, and insisted then upon lowering the basket. I kept hold of the rope, though, like Daddy always used to hold the lines when I was driving. Its a good thing I did, too, for she let the rope slip, and if I hadn't had hold of it the basket would have fallen and smashed everything. Peggy was so excited she leaned away out of the window—and her rug—, and her lovely long plaits of hair fell down over her shoulders. She must have looked like a fairy in the moonlight for Pegg's hair is of pure gold. I grabbed her back praying they hadn't seen her, but count on Billy! He stepped right out in the light and sang "Fairie Queen" and "Oh Ange! Mine," while Jack ate all the pickles and bon bons.

Then all of a sudden, before Billy had time to find out about Jack eating the things, an awful thing happened. We heard a terrible barking and howling and growling, and Peggy screamed right out:

"Oh boys! There comes that mad dog! Climb up a tree quick, for your lives! He'll bite you and kill you! Quick! Oh here he comes! Billy!!"

Did you ever see a cat get up a tree when a dog is after it? Well that's just the way Billy and Jack went, and the funny part of it is they both went up the same tree and they both took their instruments with them. Oh it was terrible funny when you got your breath back and had time to realize that no one was hurt, and could see the joke. At first we just collapsed from the shock of that awful fright; and then we heard the boys laughing like they'd die, and Peggy and I just laughed and laughed till we couldn't sit up. We rocked in each other's arms; we rolled on the cot, we stuffed our mouths to kerp from shrieking, for of course the matron must not hear us or we'd get called about proper.

Well the dog was out there under the tree just tearing around, and the boys did'nt dare come down. We could hear them almost swearin; one minute and laughing so hard the next they could scarcely hang on to the tree. Then they were quiet for awhile and just as Peggy and I were wrapping up again to see what they were going to do something came flying through the window and hit Peggy square on the nose.

"Murder!" she gasped angrily. It always makes Peggy mad to be hit on the nose and she just danced around the room holding it with both hands, I guess it did hurt awfully, but I didn't have time just then to think about it, I was so busy finding what hit her. I finally found it under the radiator and fished it out with Peggy's slipper. It was a ball of twine, and Billy had hold of one end of it. There was a little note. We carried the electric light bulb into the closet so we could turn it on and not have to pull the curtains. The note said:

"Dear Tad and Peggy —Guess we're 'treed' all right. You don't happen to have a shot gun or roughon-pups, or anything like that do you? Say maybe you'd better haul up that basket pretty soon. Some one may come around and see it and then you'll be 'hauled up' tomorrow. You might look out of the window and let us see you again; we could sleep better.

JACK and BILLY."

You can believe we hauled that basket up in a jiffy. It was frightful to hear and see that terrible dog. It ran round and round the tree, and barked and growled just something awful. We were scared stiff. The boys tried to go on serenading but the dog made such a terrible racket they couldn't very well. They kept sending over notes and we had a lot of fun over them. Peggy sent them a little stick pin she had with a pistol on it. Billy kept it and wears it all the time.

Suddenly Peggy jumped up. "Why don't scmebody come and get that dog? I'm going to go to the office and telephone for some one. They are looking for it 'cause I read about it in the paper tonight. It's Judge Grant's and they think it's mad. They ought to come at once to get it and shoot it.

Well it would make too long a story to tell how Peggy went to the office and telephoned for help, and how the matron spied her and followed her back to our room, We had an awful time then with her, but Peggy finally got her calmed down and she went back to her own room, by the time the men came for the dog, without having discovered the boys.

Finally, when the men had gone and everything had quieted down, Jack and Billy sat up there in the tree and sang "Good Night" and "Sweet Dreams," while Peggy and I sat and hugged ourselves to think that the matron hadn't found the ball of twine and the notes that were all crumpled up on the table, and that we had remembered to kick the tell-tale basket under the cot.

This was not the end of the affair, however I don't know how many of the girls had seen and heard the whole performance, and the story was all over school next day. We girls were teased almost to death and I guess the boys got it even worse than we did. Life was misery for days afterward and "I'm afraid we never will hear the last of it. But we can see the joke all right now, and I guess it is on us.

ANNA BARNES, '10



Ye of Little Faith.



HE TENDERFOOT readjusted his glasses, for the scorching desert sun had heated the gold rims to an uncomfortable degree. When he had located them more agreeably the lenses were so out of place that the shimmering sands danced from vision altogether. Then the tenderfoot brought his pony, rather savagely, to a stand and made a second adjustment.

The desert came back and the young man took advantage of the halt to look about to assure himself he was on the right way. Three months at the mission had made him familiar with the beaten paths for many miles about, but this unmarked way was new. An Indian had directed him with many wavings of the arms, explaining in the sign language that the white man could reach the mission while the sun was as high as the highest of the San Francisco mountnins, would he go this direction, while to take the regular trail would keep him from home until long after the sun had set. To the left lay the ender cone he knew well. Qff yonder were the San Francisco Mountains; the river and the mission must be straight ahead. One look he cast behind to locate the familiar lava mountains that thrust themselves above the horizon of purple mesa, sand and rock, and half a mile away he saw an Indian galloping toward him and motioning wildly. The tenderfoot turned his horse and went to meet him. His heart gave a thrill of fear when he recognized the Indian as the big medicine man from Yellow Burrow Spring. He was not afraid of the Indians he met usually, but this medicine man was a bitter enemy of the missionaries who were teaching his people that his ceremonies were worse than useless. He had brought down on their heads all the choice curses of the Navajo tongue. The gentle wife of the missionary had but recently cured a woman this medicine man was singing to death, and the tenderfoot knew he would never forgive her.

Alone on the desert with the big chief, the white man of twenty-two reined his pony beside the Indian's, and saluted him in curious Navajo.

The medicine man's little boy was ill and the father had come for help from the mission. He wanted the tenderfoot to turn back with him to Yellow Burro and he pointed to his pony's heaving sides and trembling legs as reason enough why they should not add an extra ten miles to their journey. The tenderfoot tried to explain that he had no medicines and knew nothing of them even if he had, but the Indian either could or would not understand. Fearing to displease, yet little knowing what he would do when he reached the child, the tenderfoot spurred his horse toward Yellow Burro.

It was twenty miles over the desert to the spring and the rendorfoot did a deal of thinking on the way. It came to him that there would be prayers of thanksgiving at the mission when the folks there were told that the big medicine man had acknowledged his singing futile and had come to the white men for help. It would he a great victory—if the child's life could be saved. If not—the tenderfoot removed his sombrero and felt carefully of his scalp.

All his plans were laid before the hogan was reached. He would send back for the missionary's wife.

who had a wonderful way of fetching sick Indians back to health with here simple medicines and gentle prayers. She would come and all would be well.

The Indian's pony had been ridden hard—his master had spared neither quirt nor heel and the distance was telling on him. A few miles from Yellow Burro the horse fell, the rider dropping on his feet like a cat, and without one glance at the dying animal, swung swiftly into stride beside the tenderfort's pony.

The medicine man had grown sons and danghters, but the child that lay dying at his hogan was the son of his new wife—a mere girl when he had bought her three years before. She had spent part of two years at the white men's school at the canyon before her father had received many horses and sheep for her She remembered the English she had learned and the refinements of civilization had appealed to her woman's heart, but it was easy to drop back into the old life again.

Above all else the medicine man loved the little brown papeose that had come to him. The woman who understood crow 'talk said that the black birds had told her that the boy, if he grew to manhood, would drive the white people from the desert's edge and lead his people to green pastures and flowing brooks. "But he may not live," added the crow woman, slowly shaking her lowered head; "the crows say he may not live."

So the boy fell ill and for nine days the wild dances and songs of the medicine man had gone on, and at the end the boy lay still with his Ittle body burning inside and out. The crowwoman looked upon him and muttered: "The crows say a white man shall cure him." And so the great shaman rode toward the mission and brought back the tenderfoot to work a miracle. The white youth adjusted his glasses and knelt beside the baby that was wrapped tightly to a board by strips of rags. Somewhere in his brain was the thought that a change was good for a sick person. Vaguely he remembered that, but he would act on it—something must be done.

"I'll give this kid the change of his life," he mused, and he ordered that water be brought and-heated in Hopi pottery and white man's tin. While it was heating he scrawled a note to the mission ary setting forth the case. This he gave to the Shaman's wife and told her to have it sent immediately to the mission. But no one would take it; night was on and the cheendy would be abroad. "No go to-night" said the little squaw. "Cheendy, Cheendy"

The tenderfoot knew that to urge would be useless, for the Navajo fears the ghosts that walk in the dark more than he loves his child. He removed the rags from the child and bathed him gently. Then he poured a little cool water down his throat and carried him into the hogan, for the chill of the winter night was coming on.

The medicine man, who had watched in silence, followed into the hogan and picked up a repeating rifle of ancient model. Squatting on the floor he pumped half a dozen cartridges from the magazine, examined them carefully and replaced them, looking from time to time from the tenderfoot to the child. The tenderfoot understood and fear parched his throat and sent the blood in sickening bounds through his veins.

A few Indians were standing in front of the hogan around the fire they kept burning brightly to keap off the Cheendy. The crow woman, who sat a little apart from the others, arose and thrust her head into the low door of the hogan. The Shaman cursed her and she fled hastily back to the fire.

The trembling squaw squatted opposite the tenderfoot beside her child, who was sleeping, his body refreshed by one of the few baths of his life. After a bit the tenderfoot arose, crossed near to where the Shaman sat and knocked out a chunk of mud from the hogan side to let in fresh air.

A feverish little cry from the child sent him out hastily to the fire for hot water. Quiet came again, and the tenderfoot, as feverish as the child, sought the cool of the night outside the hogan. In his ears rang the simple prayers of the missionary's wife—prayers he could not voice. "O ye of little faith," he whispered, and his brain ran wild with plans of escape—plans he knew were impracticable under the watchful eyes of the Indians.

The Shaman and the crow woman talked together earnestly, and then the former re-entered the hogan. Soon the little squaw came out and touched the tenderfoot on the arm. "He say you cure him boy," she said and then her voice died into a whisper, "you cure or he kill," Understanding fully, the tenderfoot swung toward the coral, but four Indians were watching from the fire and the glow of the coals danced on something metallic just within the hogan, Together he and the squaw returned to the child.

Long they watched through the night beside the pappose, and the sleepless Shaman watched the three. Toward morning the child's breathing became less and less regular; the fever was gone and it was trembling with the chill that followed. The medicine man hastened out to consult the crow woman, in broken English the wife whispered that the crow woman was urging the white man's death, saying that the crows had promised to save the child if the man were sacrificed.

The tenderfoot heard, but he did not heed, for he was watching the dying convulsions of the little one. When the mother saw she caught her baby to her breast and with a wail for the dead, rushed out of the hogan. The Shaman heard the cry for the dead, he saw the limp body of the child, and grief and anger controlled him. Had he not listened to the crow woman —lying prophet that she was the boy would yet have been alive. All the bitterness centered for an instant on her—and she was beside him. His rifle stock flashed above his head in the sun rays that had just topped the distant mesa and swung down as swift as the flash it let out. The crow woman dropped in a heap on the sand, her body jerking with the muscles that tightened and relaxed tightened and relaxed. Over her quivering body the Shaman bent; his voice mingling wildly with the cries of the little mother. Then he remembered the white man who had brought this woeful thing to pasa, and he whirled toward the hogan entrance, calling aloud to him within, cursing him with all the curses of the Navajo tongue. "Bears eat you! Snakes bite you! he cursed, and he rushed into the hogan to kill. The place was empty

"O ye of little faith," kept ringing in the tenderfoot's ears as he urged his horse over the desert. "The missionary's wife would not have run away."

The horse was stiff from the night of exposure after the long run of the day before, and the prospects of a thirty mile ride bareback to the mission did not arouse enthusiasm in the tenderfoot. Already he was wondering how he would be able to face the missionary and his wife, both of whom were unafraid. What excuse could he give for running away; what excuse for helping to undo, through his cowardice their years of toil? The Indian had brought him the day before across the country as the crow flies and he followed the tracks back. Up a steep and broken mesa he rode and at the top looked down on Yellow Burro. The medicine man on horse back was coming out of the corral on the gallop, his rifle gleaming in the morning sun.

"He stopped to saddle and bridle," said the boy to himself, and I have a good start and a good horse, even if he is stiff.

The sun was overhead when the Cottonwoods along the Little Colorado came in sight. The white man's horse was gasping for breath through parched nostrils. His feet dragged in the sand and he stumbled as he ran. Not two hundred yards behind, the Indian rode, calm and determined. His gain had been slow but constant. Just across the river among the cottonwoods was the mission where the tenderfoot would be safe with the brave missionary and his wife.

Feverishly he urged his pony on, he had almost reached the brink of the river when the Indian fired, the shot pierced the tenderfoot's sombrero and grazed his skull, the shock stunned him, he reeled in his saddle and knew only that he was clinging to his horse's mane and going down, down, down.

In the silt-laden river the horse stopped suddenly, burning with thirst, and thrust his nose into the water. The tenderfoot rolled into the swift stream and went whirling down it. In the water he became more conscious of his condition, and when his arm struck the branch of a dead Cottonwood that had lodged at one side he caught it and swung himself toward the tree. His body struck a rock and he sat on it, clinging to the Cottonwood, his head just out of the water. He looked up stream, then rubbed away as best he could the silt and blood from his glasses. He looked again, his horse had disappeared. He did not then realize what had happened, but the water playing on a million feverish pores, was bringing full consciousness, and the situation began to come to him in all its terror.

Down the river bank rushed the Indian pony, following the track of the tenderfoot. Into the stream the pony staggered. In an instant the water was at the saddle cinch and the horse reared, plunged and fell on his side. Horse and rider disappeared under the yellow water; then the man's head came out and he struggled at his leg to free it from the stirrup under the horse's body. The animal's drowning struggles dragged them lower and lower. They were both gone; then for an instant one brown hand clutched at nothing above the shining water and was ierked suddenly below.

"Quick sand!" shrieked the tendorfoot.

The struggles in the water ceased and the ripples ran to the shore. The shadow of a crow fell over the boy's face and swept across the river.

THE FIRE PEOPLE.

A little child I sat before the fire

And saw the fairies, tripping come and go

Among the flowers, and ladies, too, in gay attire,

With smiling knights,—yes kings and queens, and lo!

Even Cinderella with her happy prince!

I saw them all quite plainly in the fire.

And often though you sat beside me there

And listened to the stories which I told,

Yet you could never see their smiles or shinning hair.

I laughed because you said you were too old,

And yet I sit before the fire tonight

And see no ladies or no prince so bold;

Long, long I look nor see one fairy bright—

The glowing embers brir, g not back those years of gold.

A FRAGMENT.

Night and the stars and the sea
And thee and me:
And our love as deep
As the sea at our feet
And high as the stars above:
And the rising tide
On the ocean wide;
And the song of the dove,
And happiness complete.

Night and the stars and the sea
Shall cease to be,
But by the Tideless Deep
You and I shall meet
And wander the fields above;
With thee at my side
And as deep and wide
As eternity, our love;
Then happiness complete

ELIZABETH WHITEMAN, '09.

"The Parting."

A COLLEGE STORY.



T WAS ONE Saturday morning in May that it all happened. The couple were playing tennis in a desultory sort of a way, but somehow it wasn't much sport this morning. Tom's passes were short, and Nell hadn't returned a second ball in thirty minutes play. So it was by common consent that they left the court, rackets in hand, strolled down the campus, across Ninth street, and out the usual route. Behind them a tall fellow in a broad-brimmed, black hat grinned and snapped his camera at them,

but the couple wandered on unconscious,

Tom was earnest and thoughtful. He wanted to talk to Nell, He knew there never was a "pal" like her. She was almost the first girl he had seen upon his advent as a Freshman four years ago. He had liked her at once, and he had even fancied for a time that he "had a desperate case on her," but that was before he met the Dartmouth girl last Xmas. It was about this Dartmouth girl he wanted to tell Nell now, but somehow he couldn't begin. Nell would understand, and he knew of course that she didn't give a fig for him, except as a pal. But – what if she shouldn't understand.

NeIt was fidgety. She was going to tell Tom a story. "Good Old Tom" He had piloted her to all the College "downs" from the time they were Freshmen until now—almost the end of their Senior year, For a time, she had almost thought she was in love with Tom, but that was before Jack Dines appeared. It was about Jack she wished to tell Tom this morning, but the words just wouldn't come. "What if Tom should care?" she asked herself, but "Pooh! Of course he didn't."

They had reached Eleventh street by this time, stood debating a moment as to which direction they should go, and as a compromise, choose the lane leading on to the East.

At last Tom broke the silence "Do you realize Nell, how close we are to the end of College and the end of our friendship?"

"Why the latter?" she guerried.

"Because that's only natural," he said. "You'll leave college and pretty soon you'll meet some other fellow and marry him and never again think once of me."

That wasn't what he had intended to say, but the Dartmouth girl didn't seem so attractive when it meant giving up Nell to win her.

"I don't see why you say that Tom, I've no intention of marrying anyone-just at present.

She couldn't just tell why she said those werds. Five minutes before, she had been eager to tell Tom about Jack, but now, well it wasn't so easy to give Tom up after all.

Again they walked in silence. The Dartmouth girl was growing dimmer all the time and Jack Dines was but a shadow on Nell's mental horizon. Presently he disappeared entirely and she glanced up to find Tom gazing at her in a quizzical way.

"A penny for your thoughts," he said.

I'll tell mine if you ll tell your's first," she laughed.

And as they leaned on the gate under the big elm at the top of the hill, the tall fellow in the broad-brimmed, black hat appeared again. He stole up behind them on tip toe (though he might have trod like a mighty army so oblivious were they) focused his camera, pressed the slide and turned away with a satisfied grin.

E. MERLE JEWELL. '08,





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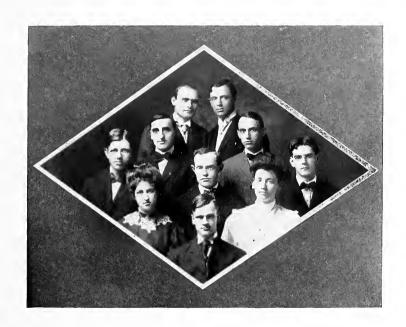
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The Oracle.

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SEPTEMBER.



- Sept. 3. "Scotty" welcomes the old students—the old and the new.
- Sept. 4. Black's trunk sent to Margaret's room.
- Sept. 5. Dr. Graham to Prof, Leighton: "Freshman or Prep?"
 - Big Red Tape Worm of College begins to squirm.
- Sept. 6. Mr. and Mrs. Walter McMillan arrive from Chicago.
 Courtship of Miles Standish modernized.
- Sept. 7. Dates out for Peanut night.
 Philos try new men on skates.
- Sept. 8. Y. M. Reception; innocent ones started on the straight and narrow path.

- Sept. 9. Auditorium (Church) Dr.'s appeal.
- Sept. 10. Street merchant sells Bibles to students. Jim Clark: "Next time I read the Bible through I will have read it once."
- Sept. 11. Y. M. and Y. W. Feception. Procs out.
- Sept. 12. Campbell hazes Sophs: to Bob Clarke: "They don't have chickens where I come from."
- Sept. 13 Second in the series of Philo skating parties.
- Sept. 14. Fresh and Sophs scrap. '08 now victor over '07, '09, '10. The scrap committee does the fighting.
- Sept. 15. Dr. "I am glad to know that Wallace appreciates a few words from me"
- Sept. 16. Hot!! Coats come off in church.
- Sept. 17. Men with black neckties in demand.
- Sept. 18. 2d Church Reception. Pickens an old hand at the clothes line.
- Sept, 19. Rain! rain! Freshies homesick.

 Turnbulls "get a job." Arch O.: "All men are liars."
- Sept. 20. Soph social at White's: "Who stole the cream? Where was it eaten?"
- Sept. 21. The day after; "The college boy with leather things on his pants had better look out for the police."
- Sept. 22. Kerr, Sharpe, Stevenson and Matson special attraction to Freshmen. "Where did they get the chickens?"
- Sept. 23, Miss Barn's cousin in town.
- Sept, 24. Prof. Austin rejoices that there is not so much padding in Choral as last year.
- Sept. 25. Students play Postoffice at the First Church.

 Wells: "Are you going to the reception tonight Miss Wallace?"

 T. W.: "Are all the boys going?"
- Sept. 26. Freshmen skating party; Sturgeon throws upper classmen out.
- Sept. 27. Football revival after chapel. Many converts.
- Sept. 28. Philo open meeting. Rachel Weir: "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."
- Sept. 29. The new "Florence Scott" occupies two hours of Prof. Austin's valuable time.
- Sept. 30. Small boy meeting Belle and Shontz: 'Gee! that fellow needs another hazing."

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OCTOBER.

- Oct. 1. 'Florence Scott' finds Galesburg bank easy. Tom
 Smith gets his name in the paper. Street fair on,
- Oct. 2. Senator Quay finds Bridenthal bunch uncongenial.

 Genevera and Margaret weep.
- Oct. 3, Dr's. monopoly broken. Stewart leads in Chapel.
- Oct. 4. Dr. Graham and Tom Smith discuss the fifth study question,
- Oct. 5. Inter-Collegiate contest. Miss Henderson taken for Shellar's wife at Eureka. Beth loses her shoe at football practice.
- Oct. 6. Rev. Burnett leads a pilfering gang at Eureka.
- Oct. 7. Reconstruction period among college couples.
- Oct. 8, Shellar gives his oration, subject for discussion, "The Fallibility of Judges."
- Oct. 9. McAllister attests his honesty and gives reports to Soph and Junior classes.
- Qct. 10. Bess Renwick resigns from a few vacancies, The last legal skating party. Annual staff meets.
- Cct. 11. Chas. M. in class, "Throw out Peter and Unto Thee I will give the keys of the Gates of Hades."
- Oct, 12. Seniors propose alumni pin Dr. makes a hit with the girls. M. C. vs Illinois, 61 to 0. Oh!

 How they ran. Sox 7, Cubs 6.
- Oct. 14. Church.
- Oct. 15. A Soph boy gets caught in the rain.
- Oct. 16. Juniors spread themselves, also Seniors, taffy vs. cider.
- Oct. 17. Ross Moore walks clear down town and is completely exhausted.
- Oct. 18. Aleth open meeting.
- Oct. 19. Helen Lackey, "Too much work is rust."
- Oct 20. Various nutting parties but Few nuts. Minnie and Wylie elope.
- Oct. 21. Ninth Ave Synagogue popular.
- Oct. 22. Agnes Young is here on the reputation of her folks.
- Oct. 23. The weather man spoils the Sophs fun. They play "Soldier."
- Oct. 24. Nash returns from Chicago with a new "medicine" chest.
- Oct. 25. Celebrities entertain at Chapel. "Syndicates" caps swiped. Chas. Monteith searches earnestly for a girl for the box social.
- Oct. 26. Wylie to Minnie, "Don't rush me, I'm not rushing you." Peggy to Pete, "I am just crazy to get married."
- Oct. 27. Milkingame 25 to 9. Milli-han't. Arch oversleeps, sees Peoria game in Burlington. Margare and Arch mistake hospital for hotel.
- Oct. 28. Tabernacle
- Oct. 29. Red heads talk on Miliken game. Wallace B. to Inez McLean, "I would like to belong to your family,"
- Oct. 30. Tincher is not engaged-"jurt looking around, girls!" Spruce up.
- Oct. 31. Concert. Van and Campbell arrested. Costs \$2.

NOVEMBER.

- Nov. 1. Sherrick, Turnbull, Wells invest in sweater vests.
- Nov. 2. Laura W. in A. B. L. "Whom first we love, you know you seldom wed."
- Nov. 3. McMichael girls' kimona party. Dr. seeks refuge in his study. Margaret C. and John R. make a splash in Cedar Creek.



- Nov. 4. Dr. Thomas Hanna McMichael preaches on 'Payment of Vows." All lost on Buchanan.
- Nov. 5. Prof. Thiel to Jack Mac. "You musn't laugh so much, you will live too long
- Nov. 6. Taming of the Shrew, Small boy, "How that girl did make them dishes fly," Opera glasses in evidence.
- Nov. 7. Dr. talks to the girls. Shontz's dance and Turnbull's skating party follow.
- Nov. 8. Inter-rengum. The Burnside girls remember which is which in regard to Peanut night.
- Nov. 9. Peanut night, New departure 6:30 to 11:30.
- Nov. 10. Des Moines foot ball game 51 to 0. Peggy loses her pocket book.
- Nov. 11. College reception at the graveyard.
- Nov. 12. Sloats girls wear hat at dinner.
- Nov. 13. Doc Cowden brings his dog to chapel—takes him home. Corduroy bunch loose their marshmellows. McKnight still able to write letters.
- Nov. 14. Miss Patterson still has hopes.
- Nov. 15. Dixon lectures. Frankies' first appearance. Sloats boy wears hat to dinner.
- Nov. 16. Bell and Fawn buy peanuts at Smyth and Hesse and charge them to Buck.
- Nov. 17. Lake Forest vs. M. C. 0 to 12. Chester did it with his big toe Shont's blessing
- Nov. 18. A day of rest.
- Nov, 19. Chapel football speeches. Millen expects to change into a monkey.
- Nov. 20. Prof. Graham. "I think your transformation must have commenced."
- Nov. 21. Black chosen B. B. Captain. Margaret, "I am so happy." Sloam sends roses to 927.
- Nov. 22. Sophs hard time social. Honkey Dorey—"Only a privileged few indulgence"—Bess Whiteman.



- Nov. 23. Nash--"Say Getty, would you just as soon cut out that noise and sing a little."
- Nov. 24. M. C. vs. Beloit, 11 to 0. Mud! Mud! Mud! Juniors spring head gear.
- Nov. 25. ?
- Nov. 26. Farewell to the champions of three States. Hooray for the holiday.
- Nov. 27. Dr. appeals to the girls.
- Nov. 28. Lucile W. at B. B. game—"How many halves are there anyway?"
- Nov. 29. No foot ball-no nothing-just Thanksgiving.
- Nov. 30. Then comes a day of rest. Bess R. "I have reason to skate now."

DECEMBER.

- Dec. I. Ethel Lowry: "I'd like to fry potatoes for Joe Picken."
- Dec. 2. Only one day more.
- Dec. 3. "If I married you Jim, my name would be Helen Clarke Moore Clark."
- Dec. 4. Freshies (?) get busy and do a little painting.
- Dec. 5 Dr. orates to the boys. Annual staff meets.
- Dec. 6. Agnes: "You can have mine (man) for a dollar,"
- Dec. 7. Tom S.: "They have the lid on tight in St. Louis."

 Prof. G.: "Do you speak from personal experience?"
- Dec. 8. Barrett: "It isn't so dark when the sun shines."
- Dec. 9. (Sunday) We are a vacant lot.
- Dec. 10. Lorado Taft: "His head is so big you would almost take him for a Sophomore."
- Dec. 11. Freshman social. Tax system quite a help.
- Dec. 12. Confetti stunt in chapel punk.
- Dec. 13. Student body election. Rotation?

 Alarm stunt a failure.
- Dec. 14. Pigeon stunt. Faculty shows disapproval of stunts in general.

 First number of the Oracle. Laboratory explosion
- Dec. 15. Chorus girls wear Freshmen colors. Ten College girls "fired."
- Dec. 16. "Which is the elder Burnside."
- Dec. 17. Slam-"somebody loves him."
- Dec. 18. Exams.
- Doc. 19. B. B. with Co. H.--42 to 26.
- Dec. 20. Dead-broke



JANUARY

- Jan. 3. Term opens with Belle's diamond and Dr.'s new tie
- Jan. 4. Prelim. debate. Eccritean wins. First honors to Black.
- Jan. 5. M. C. 52 vs Hedding 19.
- Jan. 6. Everybody tired. Church gallery resembles an upper birth.
- Jan, 7. College Bible stolen. Wallace T. enters Bible class same day.
- Jan. 8. Watt to Bretnall: "It is impossible for me ever to study at night."
- Jan. 9. Ethel Collins & Co. in power in Senior class. Knox Bible disappears.
- Jan. 10. Junior's play, a reality.
- Jan, 11. College skating party Great rejoicing in Hades.
- Jan. 12. There are lots of Mauds but only one for Nixon.
- Jan. 13. Jordan and Mitchell hold forth.
- Jan. 14. College students hold a prayer meeting
- Jan. 15. Cliff Bell orates in B. B. practice.
 Mable's Bill passes both houses.
- Jan. 16. Mable to Miss Henderson: "I can't laugh today."
- Jan. 17. Bonnie to Nick & Buck. "You boys in this house are so affectionate."
- Jan, 18. Isabel G, Beecher ruins chances for smoking reformation.
- Jan. 19, Millie refuses to discuss matrimony.
- Jan. 20 Revival divides family in college circles. Hard on co-eds,
- Jan. 21. Lella L. complains of social unrest.
- Jan. 22. Tuesday: Kathrine answers "church."
- Jan. 23. Shontz to Miss Irwin: "Gee! that's a pretty ring on your third finger."
- Jan. 24. Thiel plays catch with his German class.
- Jan. 25. Pipe of peace smoked by Freshmen and Sophs. Heap big bonfire. Bobbie B. supports girls B. B. on Eccritean platform.
- Jan. 26. Quay-Young-Puntenney, 'Nuff sed,
- Jan. 27. Family reunions celebrated at Presbyterian church,
- Jan. 28. Dr. announces that the prayer meeting will not be chain.
- Jan. 29. M. C 39 vs. Lombard 21.
- lan. 30. Shontz thou shalt not dance even at thine own ball.
- Jan. 31. Harry Jewell in town. No play practice.

FEBRUARY.

- Feb. 1. Tilton, "I'm the low man and got the cream of the bunch."
- Feb. 2. Sadie, Helen and Theresa got written dates (?) for the banquet.
- Feh 3. Mr. Spaulding and a new diamond ring appear in town.
- Feb. 4. Emma Jane all smiles.
- Feb. 5. Young does not get to wear his dress suit to the Zeta dinner
- Feb. 6. Mid-week faculty meeting At last the Oracle.
- Feb. 7. Twenty seven means "Skidoo." "Every day will be Saturday by and by. "
- Feb. 8. Dr's funeral oration to skating parties Sherrick adds his name to the list of converts. A. B. L. spread.
- Feb. 9. All is quiet along the Potomac.
- Feb 10. Rev. Fulton sermonizes 55 mins. at the College.
- Feb. 11 Dr. "Isn't Lincoln's birthday Feb. 12?"
- Feb. 12. Mr. Hanley's speech on Abraham Lincoln. Query. Did Miss Patterson pay strict attention to the speech?
- Feb. 13. Watt and Puntenney engage rooms in the Colonial. Senior cast announced Arch Owen will see himself in Hades before he will take the part of Launcelot Gobbo. Lake Forrest 24, Monmouth 23-
- Feb 14. St. Valentine's Day. Maude H. receives carnations.
- Feb. 15. Miss Winbigler, The cos. and cotans go together like couples in College, never one without the other—but Gladstone doesn't seem to be so very well posted.
- Feb. 16. Girls play hedding. O my! Soph, "I thought this banquet was to be such a swell affair, such invitations!"
- Feb. 17. Mc Quigg eats seven eggs and a peck of French fried potatoes,
- Feb. 18. No procs, no hiding, no scrapping, no spirit, no nothing.
- Feb. 19. Freshmen get "leary"
- Feb. 20. Big dress rehearsal,
- Feb. 21. Debate team feeds at the Grand theatre. "Prexies Daughter."

 Bob Clark, sand bag. Slam Hanna, club. Quay, heartache.

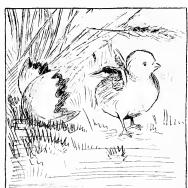
 Wonder what Dr's, personal reasons are.
- Feb. 22 New Soph-Fresh banquet instigated. Alumnus, "Is this Sabbath?"

 Senior day also,
- Feb. 23. Good results of Freshman banquet—hair cuts appear.
- Feb. 24. Daily Review, "Wallace B. of College is visiting in Somonauk and remains over till tomorrow."
- Feb. 25. Miss Bovard, to Dick with dishes in each hand. "Is there anything clse you would like to hold."
- Feb. 26. Bridenthal-Sloats rough house.
- Feb. 27. Dalton believes that Clara bought the rubbers "just because he made them goo-goo eyes."
- Feb. 28. Glee Club and coon appear. Pity Doc wouldn't let him clog.



MARCH.

- March I. Philo deck. "Alice Blue" wins,
- March 2. Cleveland Ladies Orchestra. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise"-like-yeast.
- March 3. Doc. preaches v , "riding."
- March 4, Ella burns the midnight oil making up for lost (?) time.
- March 5. Bible contest, College Widow: 'Officer, who put out them city lights?"
- March 6 Girls B. B. vs. Hedding. M. C. WINS. Augie lays in a stock of 'cure all.' "
- March 7. Challenge day. Freshmore and Sophmen back down
- March 8, Mable C.: "Once I had a man." Bob C. recommends "cure all."
- March 9. A real faculty reception in honor of Prof. Robinson.
- March 10. The day is desecrated by study.



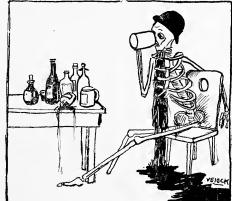
- March 11. 'Rah! 'Rah! Rah! Exam! Exam!
- March 12. Vacation begins.

 The Test Act temporarily suspended; 10:30 skating party.
- March 13 Frankie's mamma queries: "Is Yost a good U. P.?"
- March 14. Tommy, with wailing and gnashing of teeth, bids Nancy farewell.
- March 15. Glory be! Another skating party.
 McGeoch falls again.
- March 16. Yost leaves for Wyman.
- March 17. Ray Smith goes to Washington to hear the Glee Club.
- March 18. R. drives to Keota—to hear the Glee Club.
- March 19. Beth G. buys a Smith magazine to pass away the time.
- March 20. Glee Club returns. Chandler calls down the hundredth person. Opening of Spring term.
- March 21. Study is a foreigner in the land of sunshine and moonlight
- March 22. Eccritean deck. Komatsu shows us how.
- March 23. Nash gets hand out at Jakies. William Jennings Bryan orates.
- March 24. Dr. Pollock to Alice: "Is he your brother?" Alice: "Not yet."
- March 25. We wind the clock. Student body meeting on brewery hill.
- March 26. Nicoli hrings the ark back from among the Philistines
- March 27. How was it done.
- March 28 Anderson & Co. in power in Junior class. Pierre longs to be a Freshman. Little Georgie gives his song cycle.
- March 29, Oratorical contest. Phillips wins Ruth is proud of him anyway.
- March 30. Getty to Bonnie: "Your eyes just talk."
- March 31. Easter Bonnets, gowns and ties make no hit with Dr. Pollock.
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APRIL.

- April I. All men are fools (how) about the women? Prof. Austin plants paper flower seeds, Joke, Ha!

 Ha! Ray and Effie pack their trunks for their honeymoon, better than College life."
- April 2. Y. W. C. A. cabinet caught in College after hours. Nash and Puntenney get a hand out at Jakie's.
- April 3. Gun powder plot breaks a few windows and scares a few people some, more than others.
- April 4. Big Kappa dinner. Edith S. to Homer 'skip a little unless you're to old to skip."
- April 5. Getty hears about the trunk.
- April 6. Botany class at Olmstead. Jim P's. Sunday hat a wreck.
- April 7. The new text, "Woe to gamblers, drinkers and cigarette fiends." 'Murads?'
- April 8. Genevera's birthday; 13 or 14?
- April 9 Getty on receiving a Murad postal. "What the h—" Prof. Glass, "Will someone please waken Montieth."
- April 10. Cupids father makes a hit in chapel.
- April 11 Nash gets another hand out at Jakies. Conservatory recital No. 1.
- April 12. Nora claims she hasn't worn out nearly so many pairs of shoes this year.
- April 13. T. Merril, Jr., can do whatever he pleases on the campus "My father works over there."
- April 14. The saloon men are like Freshmen: they don't know how to get out proes.
- April 15 Are you 21?
- April 16. The town goes wet—Sleighton Jubilee help celebrate.
- April 17. Fire department makes a famous run. Vandals try to blow up the College a second time. \$10 reward offered by chief of fire department.
- April 18. Conservatory recital No. 2.
- April 19. 100 righteous not found in our midst, No season tickets.
- April 20. Base ball—lowa Wesleynn vs Monmouth. Pete sprains an ankle,
- April 21. This is not leap year so Peggy visits Mrs, Bridenthal.
- April 22. By the way, Harold asks that his girl escapades on the Glee Club trip, be overlooked by our department.
- April 23. The Freshmen have "its" picture taken. College skating party 8 to 10:30.
- April 24. Visiting Des Moines prof. "We will sing hymn No. 6 9" Monmouth Independents U. vs College 2
- April 25. Graduating recital No. 3.
- April 26. Monmouth wins Sophomore debate with Knox.
- April 27. Gertrude J. begs that the dance episode remain unnoticed.
- April 28. The board forgot to take notes, but are safe in saying that it rained today.



MAY



- May 1. Notre Dame 2 vs. M. C. 0. Notre

 Dame sits up and takes notice in
 the 7th.
- May 3. Divorced Tennis Courts not popular with co-eds.
- May 5. "The way 'Bonnie' Barnes do cut up them cats."

 "Did it hoit you when you died, lile cayt."
- May 7. Street Fair in the Gym. (A hold-up of the unsuspecting public, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A.)
- May 9. Score keeper looses count of hits and scores in Lake Forest game.
- May 10 "Say, Guy! Why don't you attend the ball games?"
 Guy: "Well, I would rather stay at home and sew, hemstitch, don't you know"
- May 11. Carl to Maude: "Your mother and my mother were girlhood friends."
- May 13. Faculty vs. Y. M. C. A. About as big a hold-up as "Wonderland."
- May 14. M. C. 5, Knox 6. Tough!
- May 17. No rain. No rest.
- May 18. Nebraska, husked, 7-2, Oh shucks!
- May 19. Getty at table: "I can see more than you can, Wallace."
- May 20. Postman Hayes: "I object to having Edna Rait & Bassarear on my route."
- May 21. Work on new Library begins. "Woodman spare those trees."
- May 22. Calendar Board having fulfilled their duties, laid to rest. "What opportunities lost!"





5Ten 43 Yeast Brodway?Monnouth%iLL/

Dear dard: -

T You Told me not towaste money thisy ear so I have eBough to type writere, iT willleeav save a lot of tim it hink, becau-se i Can write darn naeraline am inute. IT only cohst me 80%\$80s o L think I got oyt of it pretie damn cheat, And besides i L getired of it, Ic an sell it tosome other jag&

Ass* How i smotherI hop she i swell? HOW is siSteRi hop sheisw ell , hoW ar eyouL #hopytou are well, i hope you area ll well?,.

Dam/rn this machune, i alwayt hit the keg key rig hy sideof the l i aima a/By the wary dam/d , i wich yu wodul send me acheokfo r $80 \neq 80 , I nead ttt'

I am ecomonmicle? but i neef monry bodly just nosw?/.

SO pleas don't forgett he chick; I have4
been wruitting a hou rso iwill close23#

Yourt som of PP..; I sawin in the ORalce the-otweat the othedray that the yneedeed a Taedd. steogranpher/ i may applu for the JOG#.

Lives of athletes all remind us,

We can in our studies lack;

And departing leave behind us

Cont forget the 80 dollars.

Footprints on the cinder track.

Monmouth College Conservatory Recital

JUNE 1st, 1907.

PROGRAMME

Piano Duet,			allace and Walla	· ''U and I Waltz'' ce Turnbull.
Solo. ·			 Mr. Norwood.	"My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"
Reading,		•	 Nora Scantlin.	"The Gentleman from Indiana"
Solo,				· "Crossing the Barr"
Duet,			· · · · · · Oh pbell and Miss Li	Happy Day that Fixed My Choice" vermore.
Solo.		•	 Tom Smith.	. "I Need Thee Every Hour"
Solo, ·			· "Abse Miss Bigger.	ence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder"
Reading,	•		 Wallace Baird.	"Come Into the Garden Maude"
Solo,			Mable Cowden	· "I'm Lonesome For You"
Duet,			 Hill and Miss Jam	"When Love is Young"
Chorus,			Skaters Chorus.	Will Our Names Be Written There''
Duet, ·			cock and Miss Hen	•

Letters from Selfmade Freshmen to Their Home Folks.

Monmouth, III., Feb. 23, 1907.

Dear Clyde: –

I take my pen in hand to let you know that the hopes you have so fondly cherished for my success, have, in the past few days, been fully realized. I feel that I am modest and unassuming, Brigham, when I say that I have certainly made a hit in College Circles. Of course I expected to be popular when I came to Monmouth or I wouldn't have brought along your old dress suit, but I really didn't expect to be the whole show in the sleepy old town. The first hint of it came with my bid to the Zeta party-I told you about the Zeta party didn't 1? Well, any way the Zetas are the girls in College Society and I got a bid to their annual banquet at the Colonial, which ranks me as one of the boys in college. My! how jealous it made some of the luniors and Seniors who got left out. Then right away after the Zeta party that I got a bid to, the Freshmen seemed to put the whole affairs of the class into my hands. The Freshman-Sophomore banquet had to be handled, and of course I was picked to handle it. You see my being at the Zeta party put me in line on social functions, and then this new idea was practically my own. Things have been coming my way ever since, and last night I was just grand. I had a toast you know, but the best part of all was that I knew just how to act, having been



SEE ME, MA!

at the Zeta party which was a sweller function than ours. I wanted Dr. and Mrs. McMichael to see me at my best, so tried to get them invited, but don't know why it was some of the girls didn't want them. Some of them even wanted to dance, Brigham, but I just wouldn't let them. Tell papa I did it because I didn't think it was right.

Well I must close. My girl in Chicago, that I told, you about, has invited me to come up spring vacation and I think I shall. Give my love to papa. Your loving brother,

THEODORE.

P. S .- Tell papa that I will go on the Bible Rendition Contest if he wishes.

T.

Monmouth, III., Feb. 23d, 1907.

Dear Mamma:-

Since I wrote you last week, my opinion of the young men of this college has utterly changed. Last week I was happy and contented with the appreciation that I was receiving from my fellow collegians. Not -184

only the Freshmen and Sophomores, but the Upper classmen recognized my abilities and acknowledged my successes. My charming personal appearance and voice had won me a high place in the esteem of my fellows. I liked the boys with their generous, impulsive ways, even if they were not so studious as they might be.

But last Thursday night I was the subject of an insult the like of which I hope never to suffer again. Some of the upper-classmen tried to capture and detain me from the Freshman-Sophmore banquet of which I told you in my last letter. These ruffians pursued me with their hideous cries, but thanks to my phisique and the perfect trim in which I keep myself, I managed to escape their clutches. My outraged feelings were somewhat allayed when I remembered that I should rise above the boorish actions of those who are unable to appreciate a real gentleman, I must close now to get my Greek. Prof. Glass usually depends upon me to do most of the reciting.

Very lovingly,

JAMES.

P S .- No, I don't need any money. I still have \$3 left out of the \$8 you sent me New Years. J.I.

My Dear Mamma:-

I can only write you a few words to night, as I have a date at nine and its after eight now. I think it's a shame to make a girl work until nine o'clock, don't you?

I have welcome news for you. What I told you I was working for has come true. I'm the Freshman President! That means that I am the most popular Freshman in school, for the Freshman President is toastmaster at the Freshman banquet, only it isn't exactly a Freshman banquet any more. We are revolutionizing things in this Jay town, and this year it's going to be sort of a reception to the Sophomores. Father may think eleven dollars is a good deal to pay out for one evening, and it would be, only think how much glory I'm getting out of it.

Now I am going to tell you a secret. Harold and Bob and Slam and me are going to get out a proc. on the upper classmen. Isn't that nervy? I am to write the main articles and I certainly will hang it on to that bunch. We've decided to call it "The Truth," and no one will dream of what we're doing till it's out. This is the first time they ever had a Freshman class that stood up for itself I guess. Mercy! It's nine o'clock so I must go.

Your loving son,

GEORGE.

P. S.-Don't forget the eleven.

Monmouth, III., Feb. 16th, 1907.

Monmouth, III., May 1st, 1907.

Dearest Mother:-

Now I don't want to scold, mamma. but you know you and papa told me to do my best to make a hit here and how can I do it without a little spending money. I sort of looked for a check tonight, but I guess you must have forgotten to send it. Most all the boys have had three or four new suits already this spring and I've only had two. Now, I'm counting on you, mamma, and I hope you won't disappoint me again.

You just ought to see my new dream up in Galesburg. I'm getting real popular with the Knox girls. They mostly come from cities and can appreciate a swell dresser; but these rustic maids down here don't more than half know what they have a chance at. Ted and me are going to show them a few things in swell clothes next fall when we come back.

Jack and Wylie and me have been having the most fun with the girls lately, You know, I told you that we are considered the three most handsome boys in college, so we planned not to go with any particular

girl steady, but to keep them all guessing. Every night we're out with different girls and we have all the girls in the college green eyed by this time. Do you know, at times it's almost a bore to be handsome, but anyhow, it makes a hit with the girls.

Don't let papa forget the check.

Your loving and dutilful son,

GLADSTONE.

Monmouth, III., April 8th, 1907,

Dear Ma:--

I think it's funny that you don't think I write enough. I always write when I need anything. I am now going to proceed to tell you a lot of things about this here school which I think will be of interest to you.

First, the college is a great big brick house as big as the Jones' block and Johnston's livery stable on top of it. It sets back from the road in a kind of a grove with cement walks running through it. The President is a kind, fat old gentleman with curly gray hair, likewise Buchanan (just the fat part I mean.) I am glad it's getting summer now as I like to sit on the campus (that's the grove) and watch the street cars go by. You just ought to see 'em ma, they're great. The fellers out here don't josh me about Perkins' hired girl, for which I'm glad.

This is all I can think of now.

Ever your son,

LEAMON.

No I ain't learned any bad habits yet.





"On the Campus at Midnight."

A MONMOUTH COLLEGE PLAY OF REAL HEART INTEREST

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Cutey Love, the lea	ding la	dy,					Jennie Kinsman
Jonnie Johnson, the village torment,						. John Yost	
Solomon Silence, the heavy vilian,							Arch Owen
Stillman Hunt, the	detectiv	e,					Leslie Sherrick
Help Saver, the her	ro,				•		Shellar Peacock
Help Me Savem, th	ne heroi	ine,					Millie Bigger
The Doolittle Bros	from a	broad					Scott Hamilton
The Doonthe Bros	nom abroad.						Hue McKai
Marselles Waves, understudy of leading lady							Ruth Johnson
Sally Out,							Nora Scantlin
Googoo Wise,							Theresa Wallace
Pearl Button,							Mable Burns
Goldie Towhead,							Margaret Burnside

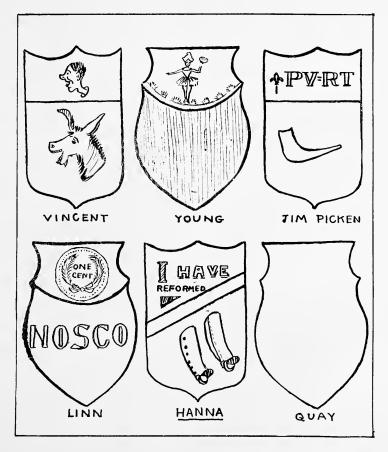
BETWEEN ACTS.

Specialties by the Willie Family,

Willie Work (never)		•		Don Wherry
Willie Gnaw ("while there	's life'')			Harold Watt
Willie Drink (beer)				Prof. Thiel
Willie Talk (!!				Frank Hill
Willie Shrink (not till he die	(ts)			Sam_Hamilton
Willie Dance (certainly)				James Quay

·M·C· HERALDRY







Freshman Creed.

I believe in Green Freshmen, in their wisdom and sagacity.

 $\emph{\textbf{I}}$ believe in loving the Sophomores and the Faculty and in doing things our way, regardless of precedent.

 \boldsymbol{I} believe in the twenty-five cent tax and in the girls sharing the expense for all class functions, whether they are fortunate (?) enough to attend or not.

 ${\it I}$ believe in Peace and earnestly desire to escape hazing. Therefore with permission of nineteen-nine, I believe in nineteen-ten.

AMEN.





Sophomore Creed.

- I believe that I am no longer Green.
- $\emph{\textbf{I}}$ believe that without me there is nothing and that through me and me alone does the College maintain its reputation.
 - I believe that Freshmen are easy.
 - I believe in law and order and in allowing Freshmen to go unhazed.
- ${\it I}$ believe in hiding weakness by strategy, in deceiving Freshmen and attending banquets at their expense.
- I believe in the wisdom of our class president, in the wisdom of our vice-'president, the wisdom of our secretary, the wisdom of our nineteen nine in general and my own wisdom in particular.

AMEN.





Junior Creed.

 $\emph{\textbf{I}}$ believe in '08 as Freshmen, in '08 as Sophomores, in '08 as Juniors, and shall swear by '08 as Seniors.

AMEN.





以大学学学学 (大学学 大学学 大学学 (大学)

Senior Creed.

- I believe in the cap and gown, maker of dignity and worth.
- I believe in the Alumni pin, suggested and worn first by the class of '07.
- I believe in the Oracle, in Senior day and in all class functions.
- I believe in writing a Thesis and in handing it on time.
- I believe in our class, like which there is no other.
- $\emph{\textbf{I}}$ believe in the envy of the Juniors, the adoration of the Sophomores and the humble reverence of the Freshmen.

AMEN.





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"PEGGY ASLEEP." PEGGY'S CHARMS.

By "Pete."

(Apologies to Burns.)

Where braving angry Summer storms, The lofty Maples rise, Far in their shade my Peggy's charms First blest my wondering eyes. Blest be the wild sequestered shado, And blest be the day and hour, Where Peggy's charms I first surveyed, When first I felt their power,

The tyrant death may cause alarms, May seize my fleeting breath, But tearing Peggy from my arms Must be a stronger death.



"PEGGY AWAKE."

The Real Diary of a Real Freshman

- Sept. 4. Brite and fare. Arrived at M today. My paw brot me and left me here and told me to study and i hav been here ever since. i don't like it to many fellers and no fellers i no.
- Sept. 5. Brite and fare. twoday a man who saiz his name was sofmore comes up and saiz to me what's your name and i saiz Gustavus Adolphus Green and he saiz your awl rite. i wonder how he new.
- Sept. 6. Brite and fare. twoday i chased a cat out of the yard and it went over the fence into another yard. i struck after it and slung a stone at it and it landed on a fellers porch. he come out and saiz who are you and what are you doing here and I saiz my names bassarear and i was chasing a cat. then he looks at me funny and saiz what yere you in and i saiz seventeen and he laffed and saiz you evergreen freshman git, so when he turned his back i sling a apple and git. i sene mister sofmore again twoday, he saiz o fresh to me and got mad when i answered. i don't like him.
- Sept. 7. Cloudie. twoday when i went to brekfast mister sofmore said to me where do you live and i told him and he sed he wuz coming over to see me and i saiz awl rite and he saiz dont get funny you d green fresh and i wuz scart and saiz awl rite and he saiz ile teech you when we come over. i don't think i like colege.
- Sept. 8. i no now i dont like colege. last nite late mister sofmore cum to the house and asked for me i looked out of the winder and as it was moony i seen a big bunch of men out there, there was a feller who called lock your door so i did. then some of them bete the feller and some of them cum up stairs. they looked in the other rooms and mister sofmore saiz let me in fresh and i saiz what for and he saiz i want to speke to you and i saiz awl rite speke and he saiz aint you going to let me in and i saiz no, then they all swore awful and another feller saiz brake the door down then they cum against it an it give and it give and i wuz scart and saiz wate and ill open it so i did and they come in and told me to come along to the bal parke, then i almost cride caus im scart of gosts but they pulled me along then they made me swim in the gras but it didn't hurt none only i dident have my over halls on. then they made a nother feller hop like a frog on the track and they lined up and warmed his hide with planks. I laffed so they hung me over a fence and lammed me. I got mad and pasted a feller, they they did lam me until I felt most as warm as I did the nite I drempt the house was on fire then they made 'us take our close and run home.
- Sept. 10. Britin and fare. I feel purty fare twonite, me and some other freshmen fellers jumped onto mister softmore twonite which was the nite of the softmore partie, i gues maby we dident warm him up some. a big feller in a swetter told us to. he is a foot bawl feller. maybe i wouldent like to be him.



EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.



As a special inducement to prospective students the faculty considered for a time the feasability of putting into the catalog for 1907-08 the examination questions made out by the professors in Natural and Physical Science, History and English. It was finally decided unpracticable and the questions were given (?) to the annual board for publication.

PHYSICS.

- 1. Briefly state the law of flunking. Give examples.
- 2. State the Universal Laws of Attraction. Does it affect the rhythmic beat of the heart? Give personal experience.
- 3. In what time will a body moving with an infinite acceleration reach heaven? Give color and size.
- 4. What kind of wood weighing 100 grams in air would weigh less on earth?

CHEMISTRY.

- I. What is the formula for a chemist? FO, L.
- 2. What causes pressure to vary? Is it greater in summer or winter? Why?
 - 3. What is the proportion of grinoglen in laughing gas?
- 4. Who did Sir Humphrey Davy marry. Did she look pretty? Describe her dress.

HISTORY.

- 1. Why was George the second president? Is it a Nas(h)ty story?
- 2 Who first admired "Genes?" Queen Maude.
- 3. Who has done the most to destroy the troubles of mankind? Tom and Jerry.
- 4. Discuss Freshman Banquets? Is there a "Bigger" story about Chicago?

ENGLISH.

- 1. Discuss from a literary point of view "Since Father went to work" Did he?
- 2. Did Shakespeare play poker? Did Millie Bigger write "As You Like It?" If not, why not?
- 3. Compare the Duchess to George Elliott. Is it true she made the best biscuits? Which one?













PARENTS TAKE WARNING.

Information.

For the benefit of '10 we announce the methods of marking in vogue at Monmouth for the year 1906-07.

- 1. Grade "A" will be awarded to each grind who doesn't know any better.
- 2. Grade 'B' will be crowded on the man who didn't have the nerve to earn the appellation of "grind."
- 3. Grade "C" is sacred to the use of Gentlemen and it may here be stated that "C" has been copyrighted by Prof. Graham.
- 4, Grade "D" is for the use of those who have no relatives among the faculty and is just a sarcastic reminder that your instructor knows that you are in the class.
 - 5. Grade "E" is a gentle hint that he dosn't want you anymore E=23.

CURLING IRON CLUB.

Her Fuizziewuizziness, The Chief
Crimper Genevera McCaw
Assistant Nora Scantlin
Keeper of the Sacred Irons Ray Smith
Meeting place Miss Arrian's Hairdressing
Establishment.

Time, one hour before each College function.

Committees.

Grimping Pins Rags

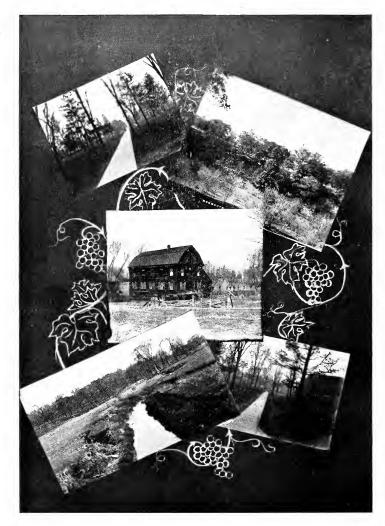
Margaret Burnside Scott Hamilton
James McCoy Sadie Elder
Ethel Collins John McGoech

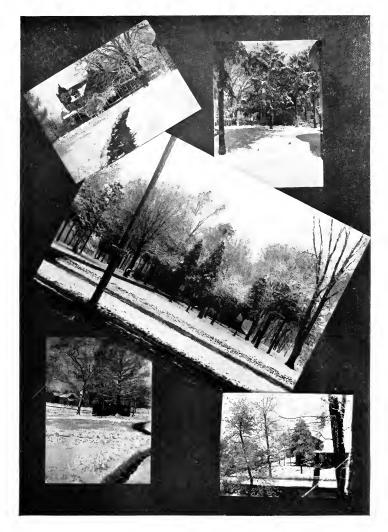
John McGoech Blanche Johnston.

Marcel Waves.

Wm. Moorhead Minnie Story
Jim Stevenson Jennie Kinsman













by the wby

Mother Goose Rhymes for College Geese.

1.

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"

"To the circle meeting, sir," she said;

'May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"Not on your life, you're a man," she said.

11.

Dickery, Dickery, dock.

Hang the Second Church clock;

The clock strikes ten,

Out go the men (not). Dickery, Dickery, dock.

11.

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
The Freshmen are coming to town;
Some to work and some to shirk,
And some to sport around.

IV

Sing a song of Sophomores, Pockets full of "Rye"; Sitting in the "Silver Moon"

Eating pumpkin pie.

One by one they 'spress themselves, airing forth their knowledge, lsn't this a pretty bunch to represent the college?

V

Mary had a little lamb.

She took it everywhere,
But now it's laid upon the shelf—

She's got a "Teddy Bear."

WHO'S WHO IN THE FACULTY.

Gashers Hideous Beasts Teaches Boxing Gladly G^{ot} Dear Harry Is Robinsons Imitation Teaches Holy Matters Lust Horribly Methodical Female Professor Likes European Rymes N ot Slow Johns Just Tritely Jokers Wise Awfully T_{ommy} Jilted Respected Grand Parent

TINKLY VERSE ...

Listen to the College bell
Merry Hades;
Now for Chapel it does knell
Oh- the Ladies.
How it tinkles in the air
Tinkle. Tinkle, Tinkle, Tinkle,
Hear the Bell,
As it ringeth loud for fair,
Tinkle, Tinkle, Tinkle, Tinkle,
Tinkle, Tinkle, Tinkle,
Hear the Bell.

(Continue ad infinitum at same rate per line.)

Millions on the fence. not one cent in the box office.

Ravelings Want Ads.

GUARANTEED CIRCULATION 400.000.

LOST.—While sitting in a dark corner, a chance to embrace an opportunity, TEDDIE YOUNG,

LOST,-A heart. Return to

JOHN MILLEN,

FOUND.-A new way of bluffing the most astute professors.

ELSIE FRENCH.

LOST.—Between the College and the Auditorium, a chance to mention myself and doings.

RAY SMITH.

WANTED .-- A wife; any kind will do.

PROF. GLASS.

LOST.—A trunk containg articles of no value to anyone but myself. Reward if returned at once,

RAY VANCE.

LOST, —My memory.

TILTON,

TO EXCHANGE.—Nothing for something,

DALTON GALLOWAY.

WANTED.—A device for drinking coffee and eating hot dog in bed.

TOM SMITH.

WANTED.—A hand-out. Lemon flavor prefered.

"PUD" McALLISTER.

FOR SALE.—Lemons. Reason: overstocked.

WALTER GETTY,

Address. 23 Lemon st.

EXTRA—WANTED.—A live bunch of Freshmen for next year. No yellow backs need apply.

DR. McMICHAEL.



Silly Gisms.



A date on the east porch is better than nothing.

Nothing is better than Heaven.

 \therefore A date on the east porch is better than Heaven.

All prodigies do not have to study.
All Juniors do not have to study.

.. All Juniors are prodigies.

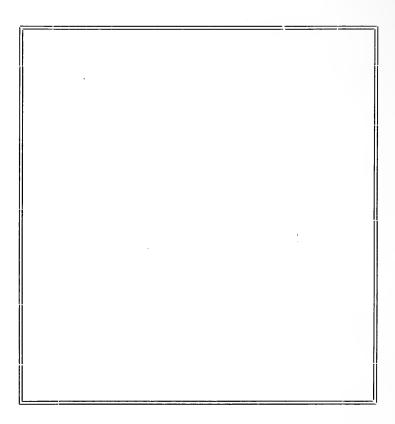
All peaches are green in the early stages,

All Freshmen are green in the early stages,

.. All Freshmen are peaches.

"BY THEIR WORDS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

"That May Do"						HERR THIEL
"Dagoon Whoo	ping"		,			, McGOECH
"Dadbring! Dad	bring!"				,	MOOREHEAD
"Here's Hoping	,,		,			, McCAW
"D — it! D—	— it!"	,	-		,	ARCH OWEN
"Now, Is That	Clear to	You?"			,	, BREDNALL
"Oh! My"		,	,		,	ROSS MOORE
"And the Like"		•	•	•		 ROBISON
"Oh! Shaw"	,	,			,	. GETTY
"So Stylish"	•					 PEGGY
"Peter Ann"	•					BETH GRAHAM
"I Did It"						CARL CROSON
"In That Part"			,	,		MISS WINBIGLER



The Editors feel a pardonable pride in submitting this most excellent illustration of the social event which has been substituted for that old and time honored custom —the Freshman Banquet.

Freshman Proverbs.

- "I'd rather be Pete than President"
- "A pony in the hand is worth two in the stall."
- "Freshmen rush in where Sophs fear to tread."
- "A wise Freshman maketh a glad Prof."
- "It is a wise Freshman who knows his own essay—when it comes back."
- "Early to bed and early to rise-What fools these mortals be."
- "Never do tomorrow what you can put off till day after."
- "Preparation is the thief of time. Do more bluffing"

REMEMBER ...

To keep off the east porch.

To laugh when the Prof does.

To get your lesson once in a while.

That two cents is enough to send you home.

That there are nine girls to every man in the Freshman class.

That there are others

To come in when it rains.

That your way is not always the best.

That the Oracle is always hard up for news.

"Circumstances alter faces"-especially in foot ball games.



EVOLUTION OF THE "LION OF THE HOUR."

"It's the little things in this world that tell," said the girl as she pulled her young brother out from under the sofa



We reserve this space for C Sheller Peacock because of his unchivalrous conduct toward a !ady member of our staff.

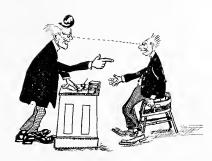


• Tommie has a little cap, Gold tassle on the side, And when he wears his little cap He surely does look wise.

> • But he never wears his little cap 'Cept on Commencement day, And when he sets it on his curl. He surely does look gay.

II.

Monmouth College Primer.



LESSON I.

What is this ferocious looking man telling the boy, Teacher? Is he condemning him to Eternal Blackness?

No! No! What a curious error. This is our Beloved President discussing Current Events with one of our dear Pupils.

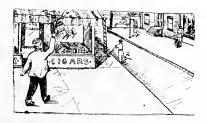
LESSON 2,

"Oh, Teacher! See the rough looking men. Why they are setting fire to the Awning!"

"Hushl My dears! They are not Ruffians.
Oh, no! They are only Rollicking College Boys
preserving the traditions of Dear Old Alma
Mater."

"Will not the Policeman arrest them for destroying Property?"

"No, children, of course not. These are Boys from the best Families and we know it is only a College prank."





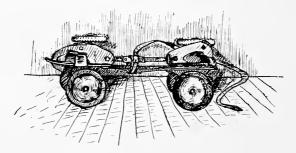
LESSON 3.

Oh Children come quick and see the Old Man. He is about to fall. What is the matter Teacher is the Old Man. He is all! Oh, yes, he is Pocket-book broken. Why did his Pocket book break? Because his son is a Soph-o-more.



LESSON 4.

Please Teacher, tell us about those funny Sandals on the little wheels *Beware* all such, my Dears. Those harmless looking affairs once on your feet will roll you swiftly down the "Broad Road" Promise me little Children never, never to go near these devices of the Evil One.





LESSON 5.

'Oh, Teacher, see the funny Picture, Here is a Man and three funny looking Ladies. Are they crazy? Are they going to explode?"

"No, dear children, they are not going to do any of these things. Remember, this is not a Lunatic Asylum. It is the M. C. Elocution class in Action."

"What is the Monmouth College Elocution class?"

"It is a place where they make Educated Young Ladies and Gentlemen learn how to hold

their Breath without choking and how to make a noise like a Dying Duck, and other useful. Things. They also learn to put their hands on their Floating Ribs. Did you ever know you had Ribs like lovry Soap? The educated Young Women are making queer faces. But what matters Beauty where one has an Elocuted Voice? Then, is not the Instructor a nice Lady? See how eager she looks and how hard she is working. Some day children, if you are good you can take Elocution and see all these Interesting things,

LESSON 6.

This is !T. It is nothing because it is a Freshman?

How do you know it is a Freshman?

Because It is Young. Young is very pop-u-lar with Freshman girls. It engin-eered the Freshman Blow out.





LESSON 7.

Teacher, Teacher, why are those cruel boys torturing their fellow playmate? Is he not in fearful agony? My dears, you are too young and tender to understand such things. He is in agony only because he has mistaken ideas. Some day he will thank his superiors for assisting him in his Search after Light.

LESSON 8.

What is the Baby, Teacher? It is a knocker. Why does it sit on the floor? So it can knock on it. It will knock on its breakfast, then will feed it to the cat, then knock on the cat. It will knock on People and every thing when it grows up. Will it always be in Mon-mouth College? No, it grad-u-ates this Spring.



The College Dictionary.

"The Faculty findeth work for Idle hands to do."

ALCOVE-A spoon holder.

ANXIOUS - Dr.'s experience on Feb. 6 and 7.

ASTRONOMY - Miss Winbigler, director.

Original and private observations by classes of two each. Only Juniors and Seniors need apply.

BELLEAKE Verily! Verily! I say unto ye, the like of this hath ne'er appeared before.

BASKET BALL - An elaboration of jiu jitsu.

BLANKET-A prep course in Astronomy for Freshman.

BUCHANAN -- A Monmouth College device for extracting money.

CASE - Off again, on again, gone again.

CO-EDUCATION - A matrimonial agency. For testimonials see W. B., Gene N. or Cupid M.

CRAMMING—An abomination unto the soul, but a very present help before exams,

DEATH CIRCLE Course II in astronomy for Sophs

DOCTOR - A synonym for omni-presence.

DORMITORY -- M. C can't explain this yet.

EXAM-A comedy of errors.

EXTRA-Companion piece to the Belleake.

EGO-Carl Croson, C. Croson, C E. Croson, C. E. C . Honor Man '07, High Mucky Muck of the Senior Class.

FIXED - The feeling of a Freshman when his invitation for the next lecture has been accepted.

FLUNK - An error on the part of the Faculty.

GLEE CLUB-Barn stormers

NANCY IRWIN-Synonymous to a wine-bibber. Why? She is addicted to the Glass.

INITIATION - Circumstances over which we have no control.

MIDNIGHT-The "steady" hour for parting.

MIDNIGHT OIL Unknown.

NIGHT SHIRT PARADE-Obselete. Making night hideous.

PROFESSIONAL A base ball player from Knox.

ROAST-Not found yours yet? Keep on,

ROLLER SKATE Oh! don't mention it.

SPOONING - Dipping up soft Taffy.

SOFA PILLOW—So far and yet so near. Used only by 'pills;" symbol of feathers, frivolity and femininity; abhorred by the truly intellectual.

"STEADY" - Superlative of fixed; the condition of affairs where none others need apply.

STROLL-The longest distance between two points

WATT—Synonymous to Virgil of hexameter scansion with shortest foot at the top and two good long ones at the bottom.

WORK Getting out the Ravelings

WORKED The process used in getting a person to join the society he doesn't want to.



EDITOR OF THE BELLEAKE: -

Will you permit me a little space in your most worthy publication to corret a few mistaken ideas that have found lodgement in the minds of the dear people of this beloved state concerning the government and policy of our college. These ideas are relative to the religious teachings, moral atmosphere of the student body, the running expenses of the students; etc.

It is true that we have had some little differences over the questions of theology, but they are trival and of no moment — It is true that Prof. McMillan and Prof. Bell differ on religion but the difference is in emphasis, phraseology and interpretation. — Their ideas are alike in spirit.

It is true that we have had some financial difficulties but we have passed the crisis. We now have an endowment fund of something like \$400,000,000. While this is not at our immediate command, yet it is at our disposal. Every day we are receiving gifts from good christian people who, by giving of their worldly means, are laying up stores in heaven. Our enrollment, in spite of insinuations to the contrary, is about 1,600. This is due to the small expense our students are put to. The people of the town are so in love with the institution that they almost give board and room free. But for the insistence of the faculty upon it they would make no charge at all. A compilation of all expenses, including tuition, board, room, clothing and sundry expenses reveals the fact that the average expense of the student for the year is something like \$17. Many save enough while here to set them up in business at graduation.

Hoping that these few remarks will set at naught my opinions to the contrary, I remain,

Yours Sincerely.

W. J. BUCHANAN

Two of the Finest.

There is a Professor of Latin
And if you imagine will fatten
Just look on his frame
And then oh! for shame
To think! You think Latin will fatten.





A Professor, Herr Thiel by name,
Who in Dutch has considerable fame,
Because his jolly
Averts lots of folly
And is thought by his pupils quite game.



SEVERAL MORE.

To Whom It May Concern.

"THERE! LITTLE GIRL DON'T CRY."

With Apologies to J. W. Riley,

1

There little girl; don't cry,
"He" has a new "friend" I know
And your happy days
With their charming ways
Are things of the long ago,
But this "friend" too will pass by,
"There! little girl! don,t cry.

н

Therel little girl don't cry,
Your friends will console you I know,
Though the glad free ways
Of your College days
Are things of the long ago.
But another friend will soon come by
There! little girl; don't cry.

- 11

Therel little girl; don't cry,
"He" has broken your heart I know
And the Painbow gleams
Of your College dreams
Are things of the long ago,
But some one holds all for which you sigh
Therel little gtrl; don't cry!





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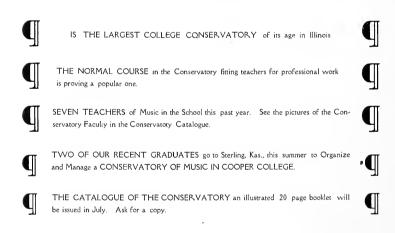
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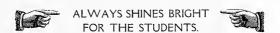
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W. P. CRAHAM,

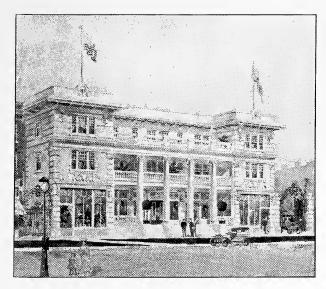


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